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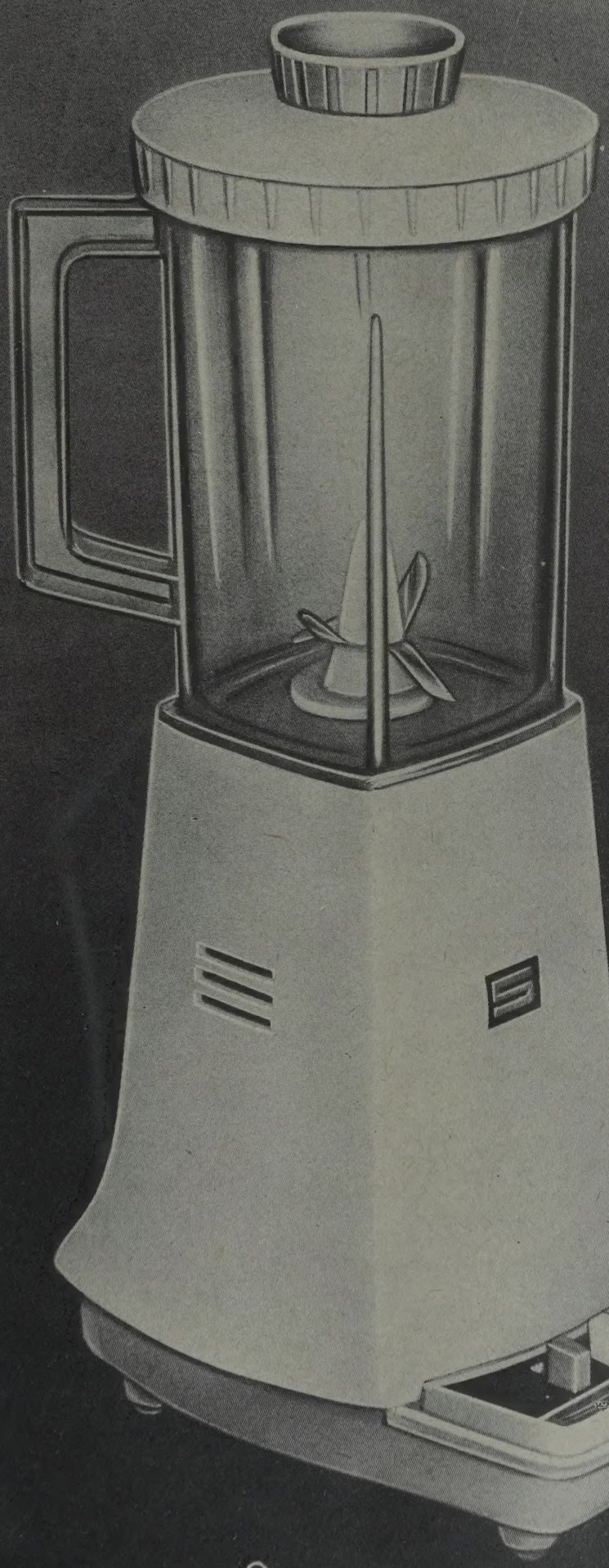

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LINTAS-BBM.

CHRISTINE LOBO

She leads a busy life, cramming in as much knowledge and art as she can in her young life. For charming, petite and attractive Christine has finished a personal secretary's course at Davar's College of Commerce, Bombay; obtained certificates in the Trinity College of Music, London and secured honours in speech, drama and elocution. As for hobbies and artistic pursuits, she doesn't let a minute go by without utilising it as fruitfully as possible... you find Christine emersed in batik work, she has completed an extensive course in it; also in screen-printing and fashion designing, she can turn out some wonderful pieces of ceramic and loves oil painting. But, in spite of her busy schedule, Christine takes time out for relaxing with Western music and going to the local discos for dancing.

Working as a Secretary-cum-Receptionist, this friendly girl, with so much talent, would love to join the airlines.

Photograph :
Farokh Reporter

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1st prize

MARRYING "LOW"

This is in reply to a recent letter which posed the query, "Is there any girl who will marry a man positioned slightly lower than her."

Firstly, what does "position" imply? Does the writer refer to education, economic status, accomplishments? I have a graduation degree and a few diplomas to my name. I belong to a family of three, living in a self-contained, five-room-plus-kitchen flat. I am employed as a secretary drawing a salary of Rs. 800 per month. In addition, I am a free-lance writer and a social worker. I consider myself thoroughly liberated in the Indian context. Yet I am going to marry a man who has none of these 'paper' qualifications. My man is an SSC, part of a family of five, staying in a one-room tenement which acts as a bedroom-cum-kitchen-cum-bath, with a toilet shared by other chawl members. Job-wise he earns only Rs. 300 per month. Our Society puts such a premium on academic degrees and 'inside influence' that my fiance is unable to get a better job. Yet, even if I were to continue being the chief breadwinner for the rest of my life, I would not demean my husband or regard him as inferior to me in any way. His intelligence and abilities, the sort of work he does for others and his character and personality outmatch those with university upbringing and 'phoren returneds'. My family thinks me mad, particularly since our's is an inter-religious affair and I will be completely cut off from my family after marriage.

There must be many more girls in this country who choose a man for what he is worth and not on the basis of the external trappings society considers as "worthy". I would like to exhort more Indian girls to get rid of false inhibitions of "what will people say" and to stand up for the courage of their convictions.

Anonymous, Bombay

Your ideals are most commendable and we have no doubt you mean everything you say about never regarding him as inferior. But have you thought of how he is going to feel as time goes by and he continues to earn much less than you, because of his lack of qualifications? We, too, feel very strongly that women should recognise a man's intrinsic worth and not go blindly after money, but until Men's Lib takes firm root, it's going to be a losing battle. . .

2nd prize

YES-WIVES

Centuries of brainwashing about the superiority of the male has reduced women to an abject state, making them shadows of their husbands or mere automatons. There are quite a number of wives who completely identify themselves with their husbands. What he likes, she enthuses over; what he dislikes, she abhors. There are no two ways about it. One young wife, whose husband turned down a bank officer's post to become a chartered accountant, talks nonchalantly about the demerits of the bank job, knowing very little about it. If her husband at a later date were to think differently, she would make a complete right about turn, without batting an eyelid. Such is woman's adaptability—but at what cost? The way women bend over backwards to accommodate their husbands in all their moods and fancies, however irrational, is to be seen to be believed. Let her but rebel or register her protest in any way, she may find herself with bag and baggage at the doorstep of her parents' house. A husband became so jealous of his working wife that he forced her to resign a job she had held for years. Later, finding it difficult to manage the house within his income, he made her run from pillar to post in search of another job. As a sop to his mad fit of jealousy, she had to sacrifice a well-paid job, not to say anything of her dignity and prestige.

As it is not lack of backbone which hampers the women, so much as the inferiority complex inculcated in them from childhood, let every mother infuse self-confidence in her daughters by treating them on an equal footing with her sons.

Miss E. Dhamayanthy Devasundaram, Madras

Our mothers and grandmothers were brought up on the "lord and master" theory and had very little choice by virtue (?) of their economic dependence on the male. Today, while most women dispute the "man superior" concept, many of them make a secret of it, because they are economically vulnerable and cannot afford to speak out. It is only future generations of women who will be able to "tilt back" the balance.

3rd prize

PASSING THE BOOK

In spite of her race against time that takes her virtually round the clock, today's mother finds there is more on her plate that she can hope to cope with. Talking to many mothers on the topic, I have found that in a busy schedule she has to set aside at least two hours each day to devote to her young children's studies. Guidance and supervision of studies, I am sure, every parent takes as a duty, but often the mother has to start from scratch, the child not having grasped the lesson in class. I do not talk of less intelligent children but those who, judging by reports, are fairly well up in rank. Are the lessons laid down in the syllabus these days so out of the children's grasp that it necessitates hours of joint effort on the part of parent and child? One is left with the sneaking suspicion that a lot of the school teacher's labour is passed on to the mother in the guise of 'homework' and if the mother is unwilling or unable to put in the required time with her child she has to choose between the child lagging behind in class or the expense of engaging a tutor. The teacher's plea, however, is overcrowding of classes resulting in an overload of work.

I feel the parent is a poor substitute for the teacher whose professional training equips her to impart knowledge to a young child; besides, after a full day at school how receptive can a child be in the evenings when most mothers are free to take lessons? And neither is a mother's patience and endurance at its best at the fag end of the day.

Mrs. D. Khan, Hyderabad

We don't doubt the teachers are overloaded, put upon, underpaid, over-criticized. But teachers, like doctors, have an extra cross to bear: the onus of serving humanity. Besides, it is not possible even for the fairly well-educated mother to cope with present-day school exercises. But in all this bickering let us not pull the child apart in a senseless tug-of-war.

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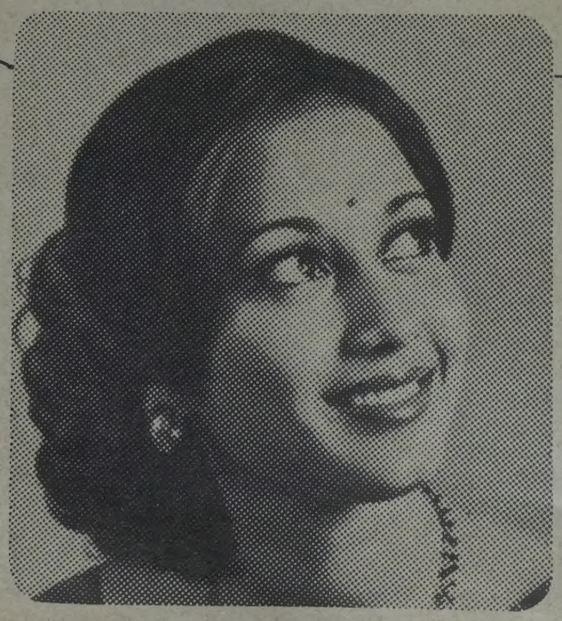

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SUSHMA SWARAJ :

FIREBRAND MINISTER OF STATE

Sushma Swaraj, also Minister for Jails, with ex-detenus in Ambala Central Jail.

In a State which has a predominantly rural population with women in strict "purdah", a Chandravati or a Sushma Swaraj occasionally appear to dare to fight injustice on the streets.

Not long ago, Mrs. Chandravati, a former Congress minister and now president of the State Janata Party, had challenged Mr. Bansi Lal, when he was at the peak of his power as Chief Minister of Haryana. She had to quit Mr. Bansi Lal's ministry because she took up the cause of an oppressed family in Rewasa against his wishes. Nobody could imagine that another, much younger woman would challenge the chief minister of the same State later.

Mrs. Chandravati fought a fierce battle in the March elections against Mr. Bansi Lal and humbled him in his own constituency. Mrs. Swaraj challenged Mr. Devi Lal, who is made of stronger stuff than Mr. Bansi Lal — Mr. Devi Lal had initiated the latter into politics. She publicly described him as a dictator and said she would fight him in the streets of Haryana.

Even before Mrs. Swaraj could think of taking the issue to the streets, it resulted in a major crisis, the first since the new Government in the State came into power. The dissidents who had been waiting in the wings got courage from the incident and mobilised themselves. Mr. Devi Lal's government would have been toppled but for the support given by the Centre, which could ill afford a change in leadership in a State. However, she has not yet taken charges of the Labour portfolio with important by-elections elsewhere imminent. Mrs. Swaraj was taken back into the Ministry on the Centre's insistence.

Who is this Mrs. Swaraj who has become a phenomenon in Haryana's politics in so short a period? An attractive woman, just 25, bubbling with energy and ideas and a product of the JP movement that culminated in the March electoral battle against the Congress, Sushma is admired by the young. An answer to the aspirations of the youth in the political field, with a background of social ideas, and an added appeal due to having defended the accused in the Baroda Dynamite case (she was an executive member of the Defence Committee), Sushma spoke her way through the people's hearts.

Born at Ambala Cantonment, not far from Chandigarh, on February 14, 1952, Sushma was noted for her debating skill as a student in the Sanatan Dharm College. She came over to Chandigarh to do law at Punjab University and stayed on to practise at the Punjab and Haryana High Court.

Her entry into the political field, however, occurred only during the March elections. A strong believer in the ideals of Jayaprakash Narayan and in Gandhian socialism, she worked actively for the victory of the Janata Party in her State and in Bihar. She regards politics as a mission, not a profession. She herself contested for the State Assembly from Ambala Cantonment, a small constituency with about 46,000 voters, and won with a margin of 9824 votes, against a local veteran Congressman. She was considered for a ministerial berth in the beginning, but certain opponents succeeded in keeping her out when the cabinet was formed. However, she could not be kept out for long and was taken into the ministry in late July. She was given the sensitive portfolio of Labour and Employment along with Jails (a large number of detenus had been lodged in the notorious jails of Haryana during the emergency) and Culture.

And Labour proved her undoing in the State. Haryana has a large population of industrial labour ringing the national capital, Delhi. This coupled with the fact that an ex-Jana Sangh veteran was the Minister for Industries, was a sure sign that there would be tension, ideological and personality clashes. But she took upon herself the task of giving the working class her attention and prepared a phased programme of getting their disputes settled through talks, without the use of force.

The situation in the Faridabad industrial complex was explosive when she took over, following the death of a worker in police custody, resulting in widespread trouble. It took her some time but she succeeded in defusing the situation. As many as 34 industrial disputes were settled in Faridabad alone across the table. Perhaps she did not qualify for approval from the industrialists and the Minister for Industries, Dr. Mangal Sein. And one fine morning she read in the newspapers that she had been divested of the Labour portfolio.

The previous day, Mr. Devi Lal, Chief Minister, accompanied by Dr. Mangal Sein, had announced it, of all the places, at a meeting of Faridabad industrialists. The reason given by him was that she had, a week earlier, criticised the imposition of Section 144 in Faridabad, in the presence of the press and had thus violated the concept of collective responsibility of the ministry. The Chief Minister who also held the Home portfolio, said that he had discussed the imposition with the district authorities. Her stand was that it was not a collective decision by the ministry, that she had not been consulted, that the peaceful situation in the state did not call for imposition and that it was a provocative act intended to sabotage her efforts to settle industrial disputes peacefully. She said this act curbed the freedom of the working classes, and suppressed civil liberties, for which the Janata Party had fought. At a press conference, she said that the Chief Minister had done her a wrong by announcing his decision at an industrialists' meet. The decision was a sell-out to the industrialists, she felt.

At this press conference, she announced her decision to resign and seek the Central Parliamentary Board's approval for her decision. Immediately, Mr. Devi Lal decided that she should leave and when she was in Delhi, meeting Central leaders of the party, he called her to Chandigarh. An appointment with Mr. Chandrashekhar, Janata Party President, at the same time prevented her from meeting the Chief Minister. Mr. Devi Lal had her dismissed by the Governor while her resignation was being studied by the Central leaders, who were unhappy over what had happened, since it would show the party in a bad light to the working classes. It could thus affect the Party's chances in the by elections.

Soon after, the Central leadership claimed that the quarrel had been patched up. Mr. Devi Lal said she was "like a daughter" to him and offered to take her back in the ministry. She is said to have expressed regrets for her public criticism of the Chief Minister.

Could there be a parallel between Mrs. Swaraj's ouster and that of Mrs. Chandravati and, even before her, that of Mrs. Om Prabha Jain, all three women from Haryana ministries? What should also be taken into account is that Chief Ministers of Haryana, like Mr. Bansi Lal and Mr. Devi Lal, happen to be typical 'Haryanvi' men, strong, rigid, rough and dominating. Political clashes apart, they do not like defiant or even "independent" behaviour on the part of a junior minister, much less a woman minister!

And Mrs. Swaraj, like Mrs. Chandravati, is courageous and rebellious in spirit. Whether she remains in the ministry or out of it, she is very likely going to shape into a popular leader of this young State in days to come. Her youth allows her to take risks which an older person may not be able to. At the very first opportunity, she offered her resignation and said that power did not lure her. Her husband, a practising lawyer believing in the same ideology, is a support to her.

Christian Themes in Indian Art

Joseph Rosario

Sr. Genevieve and a growing number of Christian artists express Christian themes in indigenous terms. Many of their paintings are available as novel and delightful X'mas cards

Paradoxically, the most prolific and most popular among artists who paint Christian themes in Indian art forms, is a foreigner. Sr. Genevieve is a French nun who teaches in a primary school in Bangalore and paints only during free periods and holidays. Yet her exquisite murals decorate several churches in Karnataka and Maharashtra. Her water-colour paintings, many of which have been printed on Christmas cards and holy pictures, enjoy the largest sales. Her slides on the life of Christ have found their way into Germany and other countries. Her catechetical posters are widely used for teaching religion. And she is much sought after for illustrating books on Christianity in the Indian languages.

Yet, success did not come easily to Sr. Genevieve. Disillusion and frustration brought her to the verge of relinquishing art more than once. Providence, however, has brought her out of each period of desolation with renewed enthusiasm. Her art has been constantly evolving and maturing as she seeks new modes of expression to translate her deep faith into attractive graphic language.

Sr. Genevieve was born in a small town in France called Sainte Genevieve de Cordoue, at a time when her country was just recovering from the ravages of the First World War. She was the youngest of four daughters, whose father died while they were still quite young. At the age of seven, Genevieve was sent to a convent school in Angers along with her three sisters. Here she proved to be a mediocre scholar, but she excelled in drawing.

As it was evident to everyone around that her career lay in art, after her school, she was allowed to join the college of fine arts in that city. Later she went to Paris for further training in the decorative arts.

By this time France was again in the thick of war — the Second World War — and Sr. Genevieve was disillusioned with the world. How like a bubble is the tinsel splendour of Paris that can be so easily pricked, she felt. So she abandoned the pomp and glamour of Parisian life and joined the convent. Later she volunteered to be a missionary in India and was accepted. In January 1947, when our country was just awaking to the dawn of freedom, she arrived on our shores and was posted to a school in Bangalore where she has taught ever since.

Her Superior in Bangalore at that time was very much interested in Indian art and as she knew that Sr. Genevieve was a painter, she requested her to do three paintings on any Christian theme in Indian style. Sr. Genevieve readily complied in obedience to her Superior. These three paintings were then shown to a Hindu and a Christian gentleman to find out their reactions. The Hindu was not impressed: "You have your own art traditions, why do you try to adopt our art forms?" he asked. The Christian was horrified

ABOVE LEFT: "Drunk with the joy of singing," by Sr. Genevieve, an example of her "angular" period.

ABOVE: "Yeshubhagavate Namah" (Praise to you, Lord Jesus), by Sr. Claire.

LEFT: Sr. Genevieve's "Manavaputrya Namah" (Praise to you, Son of Man)—a return to the earlier curves.

at what he considered "the Hinduisation of Christianity". So Sr. Genevieve's first efforts at painting in Indian style ended in frustration.

Later, however, she did a picture of The Good Samaritan for a local dispensary. A Jesuit priest, Fr. Ignatius Sama, passing through, saw the painting, took a fancy to it and asked for a copy. Not long after, Fr. Sama showed the picture to Fr. Henry Heras, the founder of the Heras Institute in Bombay and a keen patron of Indian Christian art. Fr. Heras was quite impressed and requested Sr. Genevieve to do some paintings for an exhibition of Christian Art in Mission Lands, which was to be held in Rome in connexion with the Holy Year of 1950.

Sr. Genevieve was overawed by this request. She thought her knowledge of Indian art was too scant to undertake such a prestigeous venture. So she began to make a thorough study of Indian art mainly from books. But she also sought the guidance of Mr. Solanji, a noted artist in Nagpur. At length, after strenuous study and hard work, she produced twenty paintings, which were forwarded to Rome and exhibited there.

But apparently she did not get much of a response from Rome. Her paintings must have been eclipsed by the works of Angelo da Fonseca, Alfred Thomas and others, who were at that time better versed in Indian art, had more experience and were well established. So, a very discouraged and reluctant Sr. Genevieve gave only one painting, "The Visitation", when Fr. Heras again approached her for some paintings to be exhibited at the Marian Congress in Bombay in 1954. But this time she was luckier.

Fr. Raymond Keel, a German Jesuit who had just started the Art India publications in Pune, saw Sr. Genevieve's paintings at the Marian Congress exhibition and was quite fascinated by them. He got in touch with Sr. Genevieve and selected four of her paintings for reproduction as Art India Christmas cards. From then on Art India became her biggest patron, publishing several of her paintings every year either as Christmas cards or as holy pictures.

After Fr. Keel's untimely death by cancer in 1956, Fr. Mathew Lederle succeeded him as director of Art India. He was able to get her a number of contracts to paint murals for various chapels in Maharashtra. Thus were painted the chapels at Belgaum. Rahata and Shevgaon, among others.

In 1959, Sr. Genevieve found another great patron in Fr. Engelbert Zeitler of the Divine Word Society. At first he asked her to design some liturgical vestments for him. Later he made a contract for a series of paintings from which he planned to make slides on the life of Christ.

The Christian Association for Radio and Audio-Visual Services (CARAVS), Jabalpur, has also produced a set of slides on the life of Christ from Sr. Genevieve's paintings.

Sr. Genevieve's style has been constantly evolving. In her early paintings she did not scruple to use traditional Indian symbols. In one painting entitled "Jesus, Blossom of the Virgin Mother", she has Mary and the Christ Child seated cross-legged on a large hundred-petalled lotus. In another she has Mary standing on a lotus. In "Morning Star", the Virgin Mary looks very much like a Hindu goddess against the background of a huge five-cornered star.

But as her knowledge of Indian art, especially of Tantrism, deepened, she began to grow more wary of traditional symbols. At present she is very much opposed to the use of most Indian symbols, for she feels one cannot avoid the sexual connotations of these symbols.

Bright colours have always characterised her work, which exudes Christian joy. But there has been a marked difference over the years: at one stage her paintings were full of graceful curves. Then she developed a peculiar straight-line technique. Her latest style shows a return of the curved lines, but with an almost psychedelic effect.

Her earlier paintings were rather simple statements; her latest works are complex elaborations of Christian mysteries.

In the CARAVS-produced slides on the life of Christ, Sr. Genevieve undertakes a bold new experiment: she presents St. Joseph and Jesus as Sikhs. This is probably because in South India, where she works, many carpenters are Sikhs. It may also be an attempt to adapt the Christian message to other communities besides Hindus. In this connection it may be remembered that another Christian artist, Jyoti Sahi, has represented Christ as a Muslim in some of his murals in Srinagar.

The vast majority of Sr. Genevieve's early paintings, made available through Art India cards, are nativity scenes or madonnas. This is partly because she was catering to a definite need of producing Christmas cards. But it also expresses her deep devotion to Mary — not uncommon for a nun who tries to identify with the Blessed Virgin — and her great love for children. After all, she teaches in a kindergarten.

In her later paintings, however, she turns increasingly to Christ's adult life. She has some scenes from Christ's public ministry in a Tamil life of Christ ("Oolakin Ooyir") by Archbishop R. Arulappa.

Another masterly representation of Christ is the magnificent mural that adorns the chapel-cum-auditorium of the National Catechetical Centre in Bangalore. This almost life-size painting shows Christ after the resurrection, wearing only a saffron cloth, with arms outstretched gesturing **abhaya** and **varada** (**mudras**). Behind him is the shadow of the cross. Thus this painting combines the themes of crucifixion and resurrection, powerfully conveying the message that, for a Christian, death is not a tragic end but the beginning of a new life of glory; it also implies that there is no triumph without suffering, no resurrection without the cross.

Perhaps the best work of Sr. Genevieve, her masterpiece, is the huge mural in the Jesuit noviciate chapel at Belgaum. It depicts the whole history of salvation beginning from Adam and Eve. Here we see a great throng of people going on a pilgrimage towards God. Among them are the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament, as also the saints of non-Christian religions in India. The people of the Advent are led by John the Baptist. The tabernacle, containing Christ's sacramental presence among his people, is skillfully woven into this on-going movement. The people of the New Testament are represented by Mary adorin God. And the Church, the people of God, are seen moving forward under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The whole painting contains 115 persons, besides several animals, plants, etc. It is truly an epic painting that puts Sr. Genevieve far above the level of most contemporary painters and classes her among the great artists of all time.

There are some Indian women, too, who have attempted Christmas themes in Indian art. One of the first was Angela Trinidade, whose style resembles the Ajanta frescoes. She was trained in Western Art at the Sir J. J. School of Arts, Bombay. She has now migrated to America. Her Indian art works, though beautiful, are quite few. Marie Pinto, a commercial artist of Bombay, and Sr. Veera Pereira, who teaches in Sophia College, have also produced a few paintings of Christmas themes in Indian art which were published as Christmas cards. But their paintings have been few and their style was not appealing.

Among the Indians who have painted Christmas themes in Indian art the most successful has been Sr. Claire. She is an Andhra girl who studied painting in Delhi. She now belongs to the same religious community as Sr. Genevieve and works mostly as an apprentice under the latter. Her style naturally resembles that of Sr. Genevieve very much, practically the only difference being that the features of her womenfolk and their clothing are typically Andhra. Her biggest effort so far has been the mural paintings at the house of the Divine Word Society in Bandra.

Devi

The new year should be colourful. Whilst Dev Anand has drawn a blank and Tina Munim is carried over for next year with jackpots Amitabh and Manmohan, the Man of the Year title goes to Dharmendra.

After the truck procession (in aid of the Andhra cyclone victims) he decided to go wild, and gunned for me, equipped with two chamchas, more muscular than him. He said he would remove my intestines. In the half lit grounds of the Turf Club of

DHARMENDRA ASSAULTS JOURNALIST

Bombay, he pushed Dilip aside, bashed up Basu Bhattacharya, whilst 200 police watched stunned, and continued to chase me My sin? I had referred to Hama Malini as stale as last night's dinner. I ran for my life. While the police and public watched, a simple man called Subhash came to my rescue. We ran over hedges and railings to make it to Mahalakshmi bridge and home.

A disquested, defeated Dharam caught hold of my colleague Krishna of "Blitz" and bashed his head against a truck. Krisha is hospitalised and I am awaiting my next turn. This is Dharam's fourth attack on me, first direct. He must be some man, to chase a woman, with the help of two goondas in the darkness and wilderness and I must be some woman to be quick to notice him jump over walls and escape with injured liver and head injury. But then a cat has nine lives, and all this because the truck procession rated him No. 3.—first Amitabh, second Amitabh's dummy, Avitar Bachchan (he was garlanded too) then Dharam. So he decided to smash some mirrors and I happen to be the clearest and harshest of all the mirrors.

And if he is the Man of the Year carrying the hangover of his maramari roles, I become the Woman of the Year, unarmed except for my ball pen and if Allah rather Dharam, allows, I will, hold the mirror to you readers next year.

Death could be fun for me if only I could write about it.

YOUR STAR FORECASTS

ARIES :
(March 21—April 19)

The year 1978 presents admirable opportunities in social contacts to press forward your interests.

JANUARY Preferment in status. Small stakes in speculation profitable.

FEBRUARY Financial gains. Domestic area needs patience. Mishap probable. Revival of old friendship helps prospects.

MARCH Benefits from journeys and responsible people. Success for artists. Romance.

APRIL Good for earning money. Regular income established. Quit arguing at home.

MAY Financial windfalls. Your judgement and executive ability surprises everyone.

JUNE Anticipated profits impel you to go ahead, but money will fall short.

JULY Family problems solved. Material gains.

AUGUST Problems crop up with partners including wife or husband. Be discreet and refrain from impulsive decisions.

SEPTEMBER From 5th benevolent Jupiter brings bright future and success. Higher emoluments and perquisites.

OCTOBER Make sound investments. Not a month for speculative risks.

NOVEMBER Good prospects for all Arians with high aspirations.

DECEMBER Lavish expenditure. Popularity increases. Chances of going abroad or receiving encouraging news.

TAURUS
(April 20—May 21)

The year ahead will demand patience and endurance in handling friendships and partnerships.

JANUARY Prospects for overseas connections. Attraction for opposite sex.

FEBRUARY Lucrative contracts. Domestic area requires caution, emotional control.

MARCH Initial delays in settlement of family affairs removed by personal touch.

APRIL Partnerships show sudden complication, but you will overcome challenges on many fronts.

MAY Avoid divisive tendencies from 8th to 15th. Rely on your own judgement.

JUNE Destiny changes after first fortnight. Remember the maxim: "It is darkest before dawn."

JULY The planet's confrontation to your Sun separated and you plan ahead.

AUGUST Emotional impact stimulating. Self-reliance. Avoid partnerships.

SEPTEMBER Benefits from changing trends. Do not give up old connections. Take care of health.

OCTOBER Relationship with opposite sex requires forbearance. Caution in trade and profession.

NOVEMBER Foreign contacts, travelling helpful. Patience helps avoid discomfiture in routine work. Health care necessary.

DECEMBER Planets solve your difficulties, especially on sentimental plane.

GEMINI
(May 22—June 21)

The year 1978 dawns with rapid strides to success from February 20th.

JANUARY Anticipated good results realised after 15th. Hope revives.

FEBRUARY Good luck, money gains. Success in profession. Romance.

MARCH You plan your future well and gain permanently.

APRIL Stars help you in self-confidence and advancement in life.

MAY Artists and intellectuals achieve success. Disappointment in travel from 8th to 15th.

JUNE Increased income, recognition and better prospects.

JULY Unexpected good events bring honour and wealth. Success in romance.

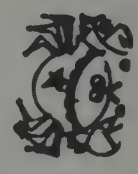
AUGUST Curb over-confidence and expenditure. Health care necessary.

SEPTEMBER Despite Saturn, you overcome difficulties. Determination to succeed helps.

OCTOBER A period of mixed experiences. Cultivate patience and purposefulness.

NOVEMBER First fortnight, read before signing documents for important deals and contracts.

DECEMBER Relax first seven days. Avoid decisions. From 8th favourable period on all fronts.



CANCER
(June 22—July 22)

1978 heralds new perspective on life. Year of romance and recreation.

JANUARY Influential people brighten prospects.

FEBRUARY First fortnight disruptive. Avoid legal complications. Later, pleasures and profit.

MARCH Success in daily activities. Mental and emotional harmony helps in finance and love.

APRIL New business and vocations bring higher income. Work hard. Health needs care.

MAY Family affairs important. Visits to friends beneficial. 8th to 15th avoid money risk. 29th to 31st avoid tension.

JUNE First fortnight, do not decide major issues. Smooth sailing from 16th.

JULY Find out potential of your job. Press your claims.

AUGUST Entertain friends, colleagues. Stage people find success.

SEPTEMBER Make your selection of opportunities.

OCTOBER Stimulating period and romance. Earnings increase.

NOVEMBER Invest in domestic area. Go for higher studies. Marriage for people in love.

DECEMBER Good events in family. Old and young find rapport.

LEO
(July 23—August 25)

In 1978 you can look forward to business and profession with confidence.

JANUARY Saturn continues to hold you back. Mental conditions strong.

FEBRUARY Second fortnight, social affairs and help from influential people.

MARCH Financial relief, success in career and business. Romance.

APRIL Good time to solve your problems. Favourable response in business and career.

MAY New social contacts. 10th to 15th insure valuables, guard against fire and accidents. Closing five days, restraint in money deails.

JUNE In first week Sun with Mars overcomes challenges of Saturn. Success from 10th.

JULY Opportunities to advance, unexpected romantic attachment, but heavy expenses. Good for artists.

AUGUST Journeys and correspondence help finance. Strengthen ties with influential people.

SEPTEMBER Avoid clandestine affairs. Congenial for intellectuals and artists.

OCTOBER Students, lawyers, writers, brokers, find encouraging period. Caution in games.

NOVEMBER Discretion in sudden attachments and romantic interests necessary.

DECEMBER Second fortnight shows overspending on pleasures. Avoid legal complications. Easy success from 26th.

VIRGO
(August 26—September 22)

1978 planetary currents systematize business and professional affairs.

JANUARY Favourable financial news. Engagements, marriages likely.

FOR 1978

FEBRUARY Mercury combines with Jupiter and Venus to reach high position. All-round success.

MARCH Entertaining and social meetings help material gain.

APRIL Surprise contact with important people helps solve problems. Do not gamble.

MAY Generally lucky, but 8th to 15th requires caution in daily activities, journeys.

JUNE Friends, relatives need your help and advice. Last fortnight good for mental work and competitive examinations.

JULY Push your plans. Favourable for income. Stable love affairs.

AUGUST Luck for artists and dealers in luxury articles. Travel pays.

SEPTEMBER Expand business and professional reputation. Success in courtship.

OCTOBER Your advice profitable in business and family matters. Happy love from 8th to 16th.

NOVEMBER Unfavourable for negotiation, partnerships, legal matters. Relax for health.

DECEMBER After the first fortnight planetary forces favourable.

LIBRA
(September 23—October 23)

In 1978 your Sun associates rhythmically with Jupiter, bringing inspiring environment and plenty.

JANUARY Special studies and foreign travels occupy attention. After 14th there is response to your suggestions.

FEBRUARY You have good co-workers. Your aesthetic sense and dedication appreciated. Romance possible.

MARCH Increase in income possible. Last week disturbing to sentiment. Health care needed.

APRIL Cancellations of interviews, delay in work. Execute important work only after 26th.

MAY Keep cool in financial and other matters. Do not risk money 8th to 15th.

JUNE First week crucial. You are called upon to take up more responsible work.

JULY Inviting or meeting influential friends proves helpful. Family happiness.

AUGUST Planets assure success in career, but don't risk money.

SEPTEMBER You assume responsible position. Romance, but from 25th avoid legal affairs and speculation.

OCTOBER Unconventional engagements, marriage for single persons. Inspiring for artists.

NOVEMBER Planets help aspirations. Success in your field.

DECEMBER Venus assumes strength from 16th December and inspires you to higher plane of action.

SCORPIO
(October 24—November 22)

In 1978, benefits from Jupiter will help you to overcome the onslaught of three malefic planets until they separate in mid-June.

JANUARY Important decisions arrived at with family members and friends strengthen confidence.

FEBRUARY Problems persist but from 23rd you have clear judgement. Tension reduces.

MARCH You act confidently. Will and desire enhance your personality.

APRIL Friends' cooperation in first fortnight. Financial help. Health care needed from the 22nd.

MAY Sudden upsets the first 20 days. Be diplomatic to face contingencies. All quiet from 22nd.

JUNE Malefic planets are locked in combat between success and defeat first fortnight. Success depends on horoscope.

JULY You will be all set to work for the success that has eluded you in the past.

AUGUST Important developments help you to solve problems.

SEPTEMBER Spotlight on financial and family matters. Hopes realised from 9th.

OCTOBER Powerful planets concentrated with your Sun. Tact, confidence and timely action bring success.

NOVEMBER New environment, connections, new ideas change perspective. Avoid commitments from 9th to 16th.

DECEMBER Good for financial ventures, travelling, courtship and settling down.

SAGITTARIUS
(November 23—December 21)

JANUARY Your targets are many. From 15th obstacles are removed.

FEBRUARY Social contacts and relatives useful. Business journeys promise wealth.

MARCH Unique attachment to opposite sex. Unmarried folks marry.

APRIL Stars promise progress in your activities. All-round good luck.

MAY No one can hold you back from success.

JUNE Disputes with partners but avoid legal battles. Improvement from 16th.

JULY Difference of opinion with superiors. Less spending.

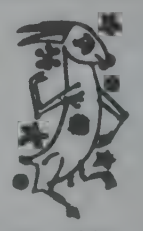
AUGUST Your high spirits and creative abilities bring you into the lime-light.

SEPTEMBER Aim high in profession and business. You will cover new ground.

OCTOBER Jupiter bestows honour and success. Plan well.

NOVEMBER Many forceful aspects help your interests in chosen fields. Emotional uncertainty due to too many admirers.

DECEMBER High prestige. Happy marriage if single.



CAPRICORN
(December 22—January 20)

Constructive attitude and past deeds bear fruits in 1978.

JANUARY You feel at ease with events developing as desired.

FEBRUARY Likely to control the situation even if it means parting company with associates.

MARCH Good news in family affairs. Success in academic career for the young.

APRIL Cooperation from influential people. Outside factors keep matters pending upto the 25.

MAY Two planets in conflict from 8 to 15 affect family matters, but settled amicably.

JUNE Higher emoluments likely. Also change in profession or business partnership.

JULY Success in formulating long-range policy.

AUGUST More friends, and you revise your plans of management.

SEPTEMBER Saturn brings long-range income with future security.

OCTOBER People find your company instructive and mutually helpful.

NOVEMBER You meet old companions of youth. Youngsters revise their estimate of love and settle down.

DECEMBER You donate money to charitable institutions. Likely to go abroad.

AQUARIUS
(January 21 —February 19)

Glorious year for monetary purpose and prominence.

JANUARY Your unconventional concept of life is favoured.

FEBRUARY Aesthetic nature of Aquarians comes into play. From the 20th happy time forecast.

MARCH Money comes from productive work. Friendships and romance stimulated.

APRIL Diligence and executive ability rewarded by colleagues and employers. Health needs care.

MAY Between 8 and 15, change in your present status or in

Continued on page 54

"Daddy was right. I am the most beautiful girl in the world!"

Listen to the thunderous applause, little beauty. Wave to the cheering crowds. Blush at the countless compliments. There's a song in your heart...and stars in your eyes. Today is yours.

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"Pink satin slippers," Geeta wrote. As an afterthought she added: "And a Christmas tree." She folded the note and slipped it under her pillow.

This was her Christmas message to her "guardian angel," something she had taken to writing every Christmas, ever since she stopped believing in Santa Claus. Of course her mother had been that "guardian angel" until three years ago, when she died. Since then, the annual Christmas message had become just a pleasant little ritual — lately, a sad one too.

Pink satin slippers . . . Geeta thought back to that Christmas Eve two years ago. . .

"And what shall I bring my little lady-love when I return from the wars!" Dilip teased, pretending not to see the sadness in her eyes. A fighter pilot in the I.A.F. on the Eastern front, in the Indo-Pak war, an unforeseen urgent job had brought him to Calcutta. This was the last day of his week-long stay; their last evening together.

"I know what, Geeta," he went on, in that same tone of banter, though she could tell, without looking at him, that his eyes were sombre. "I know what

"Pink satin slippers for thy dainty little feet and a plain golden band for this dainty little finger," he'd said. That was two years ago...

Cecilia Thomas

I'm going to bring you! 'Pink satin slippers for thy dainty little feet,'" he mocked, "and a plain golden band for this dainty little finger!" he kissed the tip of her ring finger. "Which reminds me!" he said, suddenly releasing her, and searching in his pockets. He brought out a little red box, opened it, and with a flourish held it in front of her.

She caught her breath. "Beautiful!" she breathed. "The navaratna, Dilip?"

"Yes. See the eight gems at the eight tips of the stars? The ninth is in the centre." He took the ring out of its box. "Until we meet again, Geeta," his voice was low and tender, "wear this for me." He slipped the ring on her finger.

"And here's another!" his eyes were twinkling in earnest now, as he produced another little box. In it, lay a ring, identical to the first, only bigger. He took it out of its box and gave it to her. "Do the same by me, lady!" he said, holding out his hand. She had had to laugh! He was so full of high spirits — and yet so romantic! She slipped the ring on his finger! "Until we meet again, Dilip. . ."

She sighed. Her eyes, dim with rememberance, sought the ring on her finger. Dilip had never come back. He was dead: killed in action, eighteen months ago.

Geeta brushed her tears away impatiently. This was no time to brood, she scolded herself. With just a week left for Christmas, there was far too much to do. First, she would have to go to Old George's, and try to make him relent about that Christmas tree.

She stood in thought a while. Her sensitive mouth drooped at the corners, her dark eyes were

PINK SATIN SLIPPERS AND A CHRISTMAS TREE
MERRY CHRISTMAS
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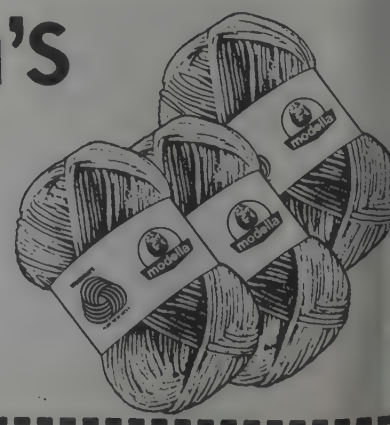

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PINK SATIN SLIPPERS AND A CHRISTMAS TREE

troubled . . . A perfect little tree it was, all decorated and ready down to the last detail. Even the Christmas lights were there — tiny bulbs of red and blue and gold . . . It was just the right size for her room too. But thirty rupees! Old George refused to come down. He even refused to promise to keep it for her little Christmas Eve. . . Geeta sighed. Well! she would try again. Now that Christmas was so close, she was getting really jittery. Supposing somebody else snapped up the tree one of these days! Supposing someone took it today!

Quickly she put her room in order. She hadn't had the time to do it in the morning before she rushed off to work. It was a small room, but it was the best Mrs. Rego could spare. It was also the best that she, on her salary as a school teacher in the Khurda Road Higher Secondary School, could afford.

Everything in its proper place at last, Geeta ran a comb through her hair, put on a dab of lipstick, and set out. Old George's was a modest shop on a side street off the main market road. By the time she got there, it was already dark. George had switched on all the lights, including the ones he kept for festive occasions, because this was Christmas week. The Christmas tree too was all lighted up. Geeta could hardly bear to look at it.

"George," she began diffidently, "I came to ask you again about that Christmas tree . . ."

"Thirty rupees, and not a paisa less!" he interrupted. He leaned his corpulent body against the counter and looked at her. George was too fat and too lazy to do anything but slouch, thought Geeta, looking away in disgust.

"Very well, then George," she forced her eyes to return to his face, "I ask you again, at least do this for me — do promise to keep it for me till Christmas Eve," she begged.

George shook his head. 'You ask again — and I say again — No Miss! I cannot promise to keep. How I know you buy or not?" he went on, in his pidgin English.

"Please George, have a heart!" Geeta pleaded. "It's for a poor little cripple that I want it."

"I know, I know, it's for David Rego you wanting it. His mother tell me about your Christmas party for David yesterday, when she come to take fresh tailoring orders. Even so, I say, No Miss, I cannot promise to keep."

Geeta's eyes swam with tears. George saw but didn't care. He was about to turn away to attend to another customer, when he suddenly caught the sparkle on her finger. His eyes grew shifty. He looked at her.

"Your ring," he said, "that beautiful navaratna: I will take that, and keep it, then I will give you my promise. You buy tree on Christmas Eve, I give you back your ring. You no buy tree. I keep ring."

Geeta gasped with indignation. She turned on her heel and stamped out of the shop. George grinned his gap-toothed grin, and shrugged his shoulders.

When Geeta got home, David was in his armchair in the verandah, his crutches leaning against the chair.

"Geeta, when is David's Christmas party?" This had become his favourite greeting lately, whenever she came home from anywhere.

"Soon David, very soon!" she tried not to look at him, as she passed him on her way to her room.

"And there's going to be a Christmas Tree Geeta?" She stopped, and turned slowly around. Her long gaze took in the sad little face, and the deformed limbs. She looked away, and then looked back at him again. "Yes David," she said softly, "there's going to be a Christmas tree."

The tears blinding her, she slipped off her ring and hurried back to Old George's. When she returned, she threw herself on her bed, and cried herself to sleep.

* * *

It was Christmas Eve morning. Geeta hurried to Old George's. Her step was light, her heart sang within her. She had made the money after all. The extra tuitions, and the money saved on busfare and lunches had seen her through. David was going to have his Christmas tree.

As was usual with her, as she neared the shop, her eye sought the corner where the tree usually stood, decked out in its trimmings, and twinkling with all its lights. Oh, no! The tree was gone! She looked again. Well, it just wasn't there! Geeta could hardly believe her eyes. She glanced at her watch. Only nine thirty. George had distinctly said "Ten thirty on Christmas Eve morning"... Maybe he had shifted it elsewhere, she thought, in order to make it easier for her to take away.

Entering the crowded shop, she raised herself on tiptoe to peer around her over the heads of other customers. But nowhere could she see her tree. She was beside herself with amazement and anger. Her eye scanned the counter for George. But he was nowhere to be seen either. She elbowed her way up to one of the assistants.

"Where's the Christmas tree that used to stand there?" she demanded.

"Sold," he answered laconically. "A man was here just now. He bought it." He turned back to another customer he was serving.

Geeta almost spluttered with rage. "Where's Old George!" her voice was rising hysterically. People turned to stare at her.

"Gone with the man," the assistant replied looking at her curiously. "Gone in the shop's van with the Christmas Tree about twenty minutes ago."

Tears of frustration and anger streaming down her cheeks, Geeta pushed her way out of the shop. She flopped into George's basket chair that stood outside the shop, and she burst into tears, indifferent to the inquisitive glances of passersby.

At last she got up, wiped her face and began to walk home. "The old ..., old scoundrel ... Poor David!" she said to herself. "He'll be so disappointed." And . . . and what about her precious ring?

As she approached the house, she could see the window panes of her room glowing with an unusual brightness. What could it be? she wondered. The single electric light in her room was certainly not so bright — even supposing someone had switched it on and forgotten to switch it off. What then could it be?

At the door of her room she stopped short, her face suddenly transfigured with joy. There in the corner near her table, all resplendent with its lights and decorations stood the Christmas tree itself! And beside it, gazing at it entranced was David.

"David!" Geeta at last found her voice, "David!"

The boy dragged his eyes away from the tree and looked at her. "The Christmas tree, Geeta, it's here!" he exclaimed happily.

"But how did it get here David? Who brought it?" Geeta asked, going to stand near David.

"A man," David said, his eyes returning to the Christmas tree.

"Old George?" Geeta persisted, eager to get to the bottom of the mystery.

"Old George, yes. But also another man," David said, "a nice man. He brought the tree, and all these gifts too," David pointed to the pile of gifts under the tree.

Geeta was thoroughly perplexed. "But who is he, David? Did you ask him? Have you ever seen him before?"

"Never," David said, replying to her last question. "But he's coming again Geeta. He said he's coming soon. Why," he broke off, in surprise, looking from Geeta to the doorway behind her, "he's here already Geeta! Look!"

Continued on page 51

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ROMA TIRA:

"TOTALLY TIRA'S WIFE"

Jyoti Punwani

To see Freddie Tira barechested, gyrating his hips, yelling, cracking dirty jokes, singing sexy songs and turning on the rich men and women who make up his audience, you wouldn't think he was married and domesticated. Freddie Tira once asked Roma DeSoyza to pretend to be his wife in order to avoid persistent and passionate female fans. Nine months after the incident, they were married

In the bargain, he found himself with a manager who started to organise his haphazard way of working.

Roma had had experience in dealing with people, especially those who required extra tact. Daughter of Mr. Stanley DeSoyza who was in the diplomatic service of Sri Lanka, she had worked as his secretary.

"This had trained me to be an entertainer's wife--to know how to be nice all the time. It's not difficult, except when I'm physically tired or I want badly to sleep, and people from the audience insist on meeting for dinner after the performance. Most of these informal meetings are very enjoyable. But sometimes we meet people who are loud and behave cheaply."

Roma's present "post" is a full-time one with a regular schedule. "I never breakfast. I attend to all the correspondence before

leaving the hotel room. That includes fan mail, publicity promotion writing to contacts, making phone calls. Then I attend to his clothes—I love clothes and design his myself."

Roma has changed Freddie's life more than just getting it more well organised. Though an instinctive entertainer, Freddie didn't have much of a repertoire. "He was performing only Tom Jones and a few other numbers. He has a tremendous warmth in his personality, which I felt should emerge and reach his audience. He was very diffident about his ability to talk in English to the audience, to have the give and take he does now, with them. I made him read English and listen to it till he developed confidence."

Bored with diplomatic life, Roma started teaching at the Gandhi Memorial School when her father was ambassador to Indonesia. "It is the one thing I miss even today. The private secretary stint was an interesting experience but this was something I was personally involved with."

In Sri Lanka, she had participated in a few informal fashion shows, but abroad she modelled a series of assignments for a German company and did one for Vogue, London. Long divorced from an ex-MP of Sri Lanka, Roma had been living alone and "happy" for a long time.

"Freddie was the only man I took home to whom my father didn't object. In fact they found they could get along very well. Freddie gets along very well with all my relatives—some of them probably like him more than they do me. And he completely and totally loves my family. (Roma has two daughters and a son.) He's never had a family—his parents died when he was a baby. He feels he's found another family.

"When we met, we were travelling constantly — home was the next hotel. But last November, we set up home in Sri Lanka. Freddie associates Sri Lanka with his native Polynesia—that's why he too chose it. I didn't want to push him into a choice.

"Though I enjoy every minute of what I do, all the excitement, we make it a point to be home every four weeks, and during the kids' holidays. Being home is a holiday for me—no make-up, no dressing-up -- I become the complete housewife, while my servants have a holiday. We also try to make our hotel room as much like home as possible—we put up a few artifacts that I carry with me, and the kids' pictures, so that even a hotel room can have atmosphere and meaning for us."

Roma has also done a stint in journalism in Indonesia. She has composed a couple of songs for Freddie, one of which became a hit. "I have to be in one place for a long time and have to be in the mood for composing—if I felt that I had to do it I'd never come up with anything new. I enjoyed theatre as an amateur, because there I was selling another character. But though people have told me that I have a very good presence on stage, I know I can't become an entertainer. Because when you are up there, you are selling yourself, your charm and personality. Socially, I have a lot of confidence, but not as a professional. And besides the practical problems this would create, I would die of an inferiority complex!"

Roma says that now she's "totally Freddie's wife" but she has retained involvement in her other 'love'—politics. That was the reason for her divorce— "It's very difficult to be the wife of someone whose views are opposite to yours. I'm very democratic, totally anti-communist. I'm even more anti-communist than pro-democratic." Roma's father's brother too is active in Sri Lanka's present government, from which Roma expects a lot and for which she campaigned. "If my government wants any service from me, I would love to do it."

Being "totally Freddie's wife" must create a lot of tension in the form of jealousy about passionate female fans (at his last performance I saw passionate male fans!) and lack of privacy. "We make it a point to have privacy. As for the elbows-going-nudging wherever we go—that's part of the business. You're not professional if you can't accept that as part of show biz."

Due to unavoidable circumstances, we have had to hold over the feature on the Anglo-Indian community. The inconvenience caused to readers is regretted.

ASHA SADAN

The article on "Homes for Rape Victims" by Jaya Santhanam in your issue of December 10, refers to "Asha Sadan" in its concluding paragraph.

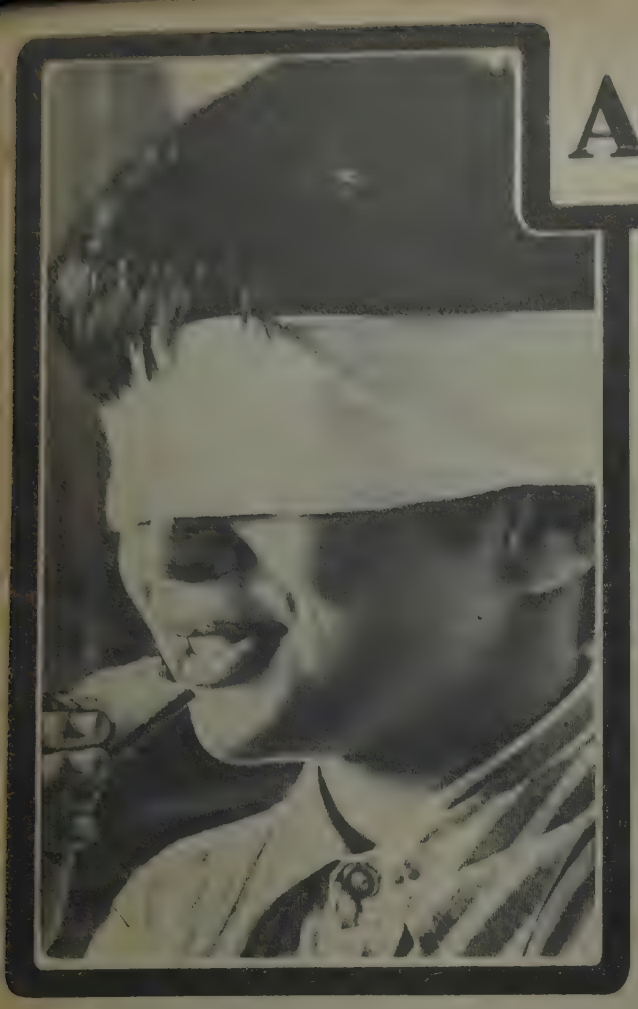
"Asha Sadan," the Rescue Home for Indian Women, is conducted by the Maharashtra State Women's Council and not by the "Women's Social Welfare Board" — an organisation which does not exist. It is a welfare organisation of repute and 58 years of yeomen service to underprivileged women and children. The author has done gross injustice to an organisation which strives so hard to give every girl in their care the opportunities denied to her. This Institution has received high praise and excellent credentials from both local and foreign visitors.

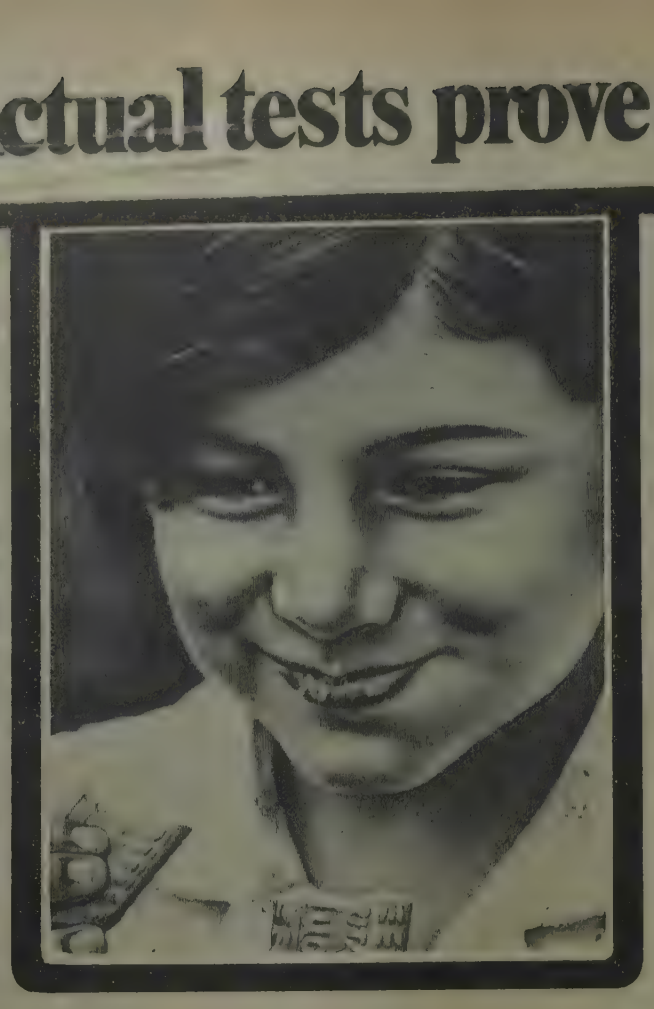
We welcome anyone to visit Asha Sadan and are confident that the visit will prove our contention.

Khorshed K. D. Aga,
Chairman, Rescue Home Committee

Saroj Apte, President

(As the author of the article is out of Bombay at present, we are unable to publish her viewpoint in this issue. — Ed.)





Actual tests prove...

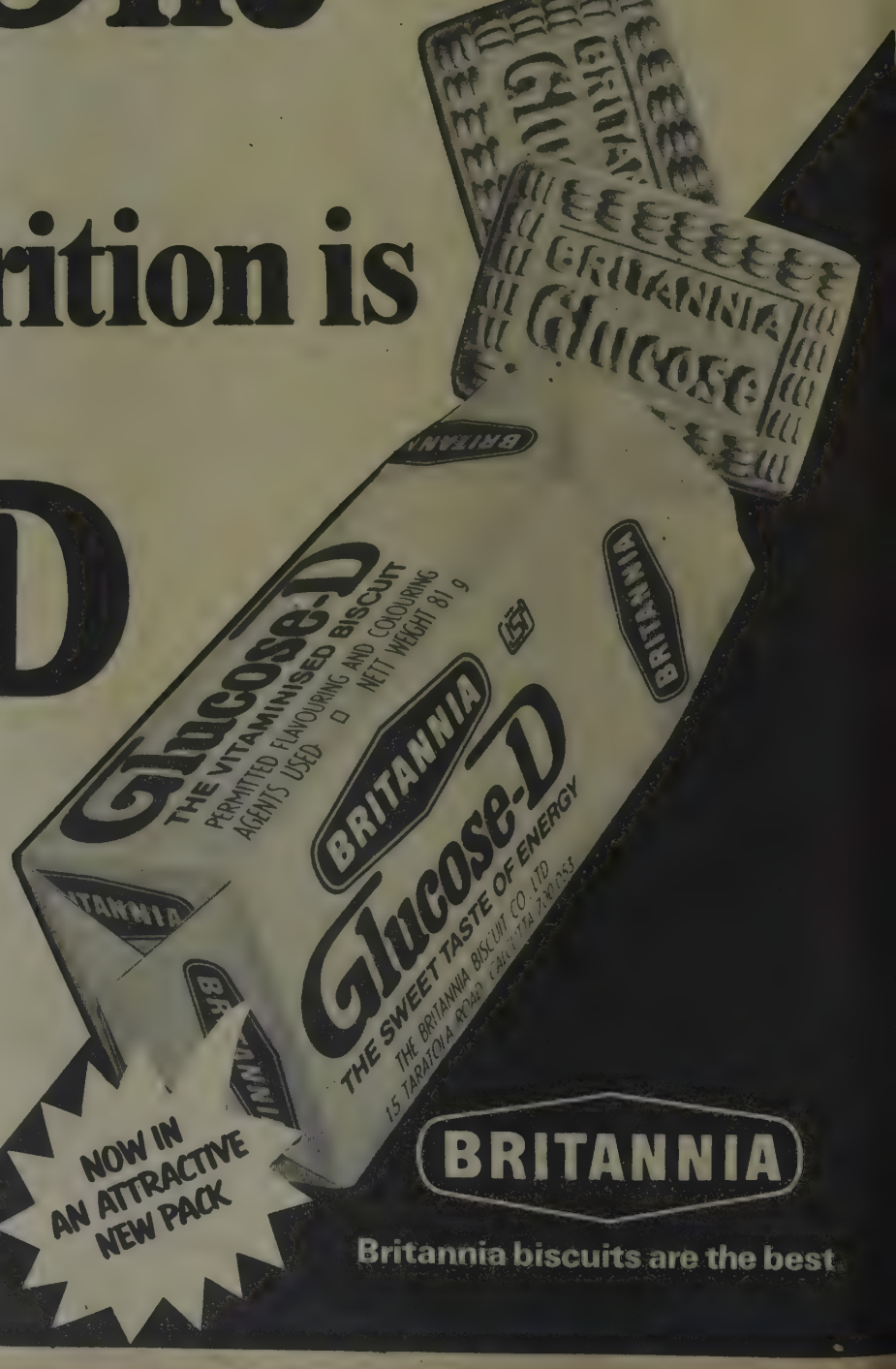
The Real One for taste, vitamins and nutrition is

BRITANNIA

Glucose-D

Actual comparative tests on Britannia GLUCOSE D and a leading brand of glucose biscuits clearly proved that GLUCOSE D is higher in vitamin content and overall nutrition. A 'blindfold' taste test proved that GLUCOSE D is preferred for its sweetness, flavour, crispness and overall quality. Energy-wise, GLUCOSE D gives 20% more energy than glucose itself!
Britannia GLUCOSE D— the sweet taste of energy!

That's why more people have switched to Britannia GLUCOSE D than to any other glucose biscuit



LINTAS-BBC. GL. 10-481

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

WHEN DOES THIS BIG PARTY START?
RIGHT NOW!
HAPPY NEW YEAR
THAT'S FUNNY.... I DON'T SEE ANY GUESTS-
OF COURSE YOU DON'T- THEY'RE ALL AT HOME!
AT HOME?
YES - NOBODY WANTED TO DRIVE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE... NOT WITH ALL THE DRUNKS ON THE HIGHWAYS -
SO WE DECIDED TO HAVE OUR PARTY BY TELEPHONE THIS YEAR!
THAT WAY THERE WON'T BE ANY MESS TO CLEAN UP AND YOU BOYS WILL BE FRESH FOR ALL THE BOWL GAMES -
!
HAPPY NEW YEAR, MABEL!
WHEE!
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1976. World rights reserved.

HA HA world of laughter

It's all very well to say that Christmas is a time for good cheer, a time to eat, drink and be merry. But think now! Would you say the same thing if you were a turkey?

* * *

The man complained to the manager of a small-town hotel about his accommodation. "This is the best we have," said the manager defensively. "This is the royal suite."

The man cracked, "Are you kidding? The last royalty that slept here must have been King Kong."

* * *

Some years ago, the summer was so hot in Bombay that burglars were only breaking into air-conditioned flats.

* * *

He went to Florida for his health but after two weeks he died, and his body was shipped back home for the funeral. Two nuts came to see him as he lay in his casket.

"Doesn't he look wonderful?" said one.

"Yeah," said the other, "those two weeks in Florida did him a world of good."

* * *

Restaurant owner: "Do you like the food?"

Diner (a comic): "I could get more nourishment biting my lip."

* * *

Phil Foster is reported to have said it: "It's so foggy in England, I was ten years old before I met my mother. And ten years later I found out she was my father wearing a kilt."

* * *

The movie queen got a call from the columnist: "I want to check on a rumour before I print it. The story is that you and your fifth husband haven't been getting along too well."

"Absolutely ridiculous," the star exploded. "We did have a few words and I shot him. But that's as far as it went."

* * *

W. C. Fields was proud of his drinking ability. He once challenged Mark Hellinger to a brandy-drinking contest. "I got Mark so plastered," he bragged the next day, "it took three bellboys to put me to bed."

* * *

Totie Fields admits she's putting on weight. "All I can say," Totie says, "is that the other day I got on a weighing machine that stamps your weight on a card. When the card came out, I read it and it said, "Come back in ten minutes—ALONE!"

* * *

The Republicans left big tips and said, "Vote Republican." The Democrats were smarter—they left no tips and said, "Vote Republican"

"How could a guy almost blind himself drinking coffee?"

"He left the spoon in the cup."

* * *

One Professor: "What are you doing during the winter vacation?"

Other Professor: "I haven't decided yet. Personally speaking, I want to take a trip around the world, but my wife says we should go to some other place."

* * *

Publisher: "Which of your works of fiction do you consider the best?"

Author: "My last income-tax return."

* * *

There are three kinds of women in the world:
The looked at.
The looked over, and
The over-looked.

* * *

There was a young fellow named Harris
Who once spent an evening in Paris.
But he bought himself strife
With another man's wife,
And he wound up in Plaster-of-Paris.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

New Sumeet amazes housewives!

"It's more than a mixer... It's a complete kitchen machine!"

Amazing New Sumeet. The first of its kind in India. Now available with an easy-to-clean hygienic stainless steel jar that has a see-through acrylic dome; three blade assemblies to tackle wet and dry grinding, also whipping, blending, liquidising; a special kneading attachment to make smooth dough for chappatis, puris, even paparhs, and a special cake hook to mix cake batter. And behind it all, a sturdy heavy-duty motor that can run non-stop for 30 full minutes.

All specially designed to meet your cooking requirements. To give you a mixer plus: a complete kitchen machine. Come and see it perform!

400W, 230V
AC/DC
30 minutes
rating

NEW

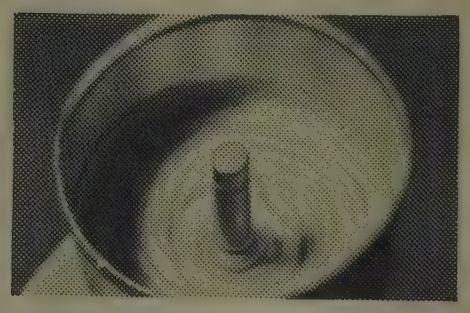
Sumeet

-every kitchen needs one!

New Sumeet is available without the kneading attachment at an economical cost. Also available, the kneading attachment separately, so that you can convert your present Sumeet mixer into a kitchen machine.

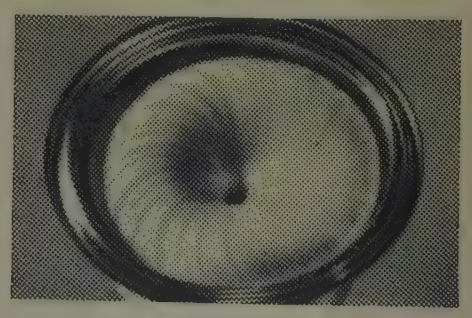
New Sumeet kneads atta in 2 minutes!

New Sumeet is the only kitchen machine that comes with its own special kneading attachment. Saves you hours of tedious work. Watch it turn out smooth dough for chappatis, puris, paparhs... even crunchy biscuits!



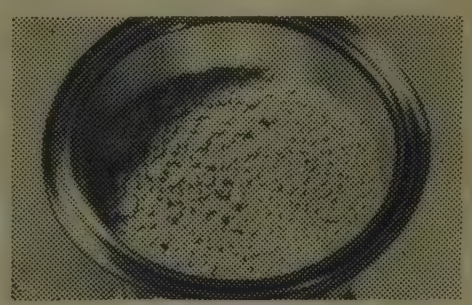
New Sumeet mixes a cake batter in 3½ minutes!

The unique hook attachment in the kneader mixes smooth cake batter in minutes! Cakes turn out light and fluffy!



New Sumeet does wet grinding in 3½ minutes!

Watch the wet grinding blade that comes with the stainless steel jar grind rice and dal pastes, idli and dosa mixes, and even coconut chutney into a fine consistency.



New Sumeet grinds dry masalas in 3 minutes!

The dry grinding blade assembly in the stainless steel jar does all your tough grinding of dry masalas, rice, rava and coffee beans. For best results, masalas and chana dal should be dried thoroughly before grinding.

New Sumeet whips up lassi and fruit juice in just 1 minute!

New Sumeet takes all the strain out of whipping and liquidising!

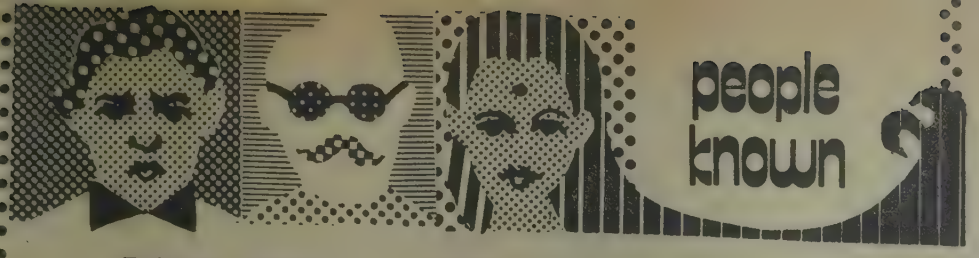
FREE DEMONSTRATIONS!

Now that you know what New Sumeet can do, you know what ordinary mixers can't. And if you're interested in seeing New Sumeet in action, **look out for our free demonstration offers!**

OBM/7356

Power Control & Appliances Company

41, Gala Industrial Estate, Mulund, Bombay 400 080, Phone: 595291 F-11, Industrial Estate, Ambattur, Madras 600 058, Phone: 633340



Brigette Oudry of France is an unusual woman, and a determined one. In a bid to be the first woman to have sailed around the world through Cape Horn, the ex-actress and model set sail from the Mediterranean port of Sete in January. In November, Ms. Oudry arrived in Sydney, thus completing half of her rather arduous and lengthy journey. Sixty nine thousand kilometres is a long journey for a lone woman to undertake in the wild and unpredictable seas, but when Brigette does complete her voyage successfully, her achievement will amply compensate for the trials she may have gone through in the months of her voyage. And one can be sure that the voyage would have had its share of trials to offer, especially since the intrepid traveller has left behind at home a fond but understanding husband and a four-year-old daughter.

* * *

Mr. K. S. Sankhala, Director of Project Tiger since 1973, has resigned. One of the factors that might have contributed to his leaving office before the expiry of his term is the assessment report submitted by a three-man international team that had visited the sites of Project Tiger to study its effectiveness. The report stated that the figures claiming

India had increased by 50 per cent since the Project Tiger Plan was started were questionable. Mr. Sankhala, who has been considered as the person chiefly responsible for the success of Project Tiger was naturally upset.

Reports indicate that he will return to Rajasthan, his home state. Though he is no longer Director, Mr. Sankhala will not be idle. A prolific writer on tigers, he will definitely put his newly found spare time to write on his favourite subject, and add to the four books he has published and the one to be published.

* * *

A prince has privileges that a commoner is denied. **Prince Charles of England** singled out a 28-year-old shop assistant from among the people who had come to the port in Adelaide to welcome him dur-

ing his trip to Australia, to exchange a kiss with. Instead of being enraged at the idea that a complete stranger was taking such a liberty with her, Sylvia Cresnar was thrilled by the gesture.

However, the Prince had little time during his tour to pay any more attention to his newest admirer. In fact, Sylvia turned up again while he was leaving with a note of friendship, a friendship ring and two roses, but when she tried to approach the Prince to hand them over, she was hauled away by half a dozen policemen to the back of the crowd. Prince Charles, however, must have received the presents meant for him, as a T. V. reporter handed them over to one of the policemen travelling with him.

Not all of his trip to Australia was as pleasant for Prince Charles as his Adelaide visit was, though. He was the victim of a bad attack of food poisoning on his return to Britain, caused by eating some contaminated food on his last stop during his visit. Fortunately, for international relations, all the people who had participated in the meal were similarly affected and all of them managed to laugh the incident off.

* * *

The present King of Nepal obviously believes in the importance of romance in daily life. Why else would he go about making surprise gifts of cash to poor rickshawmen?

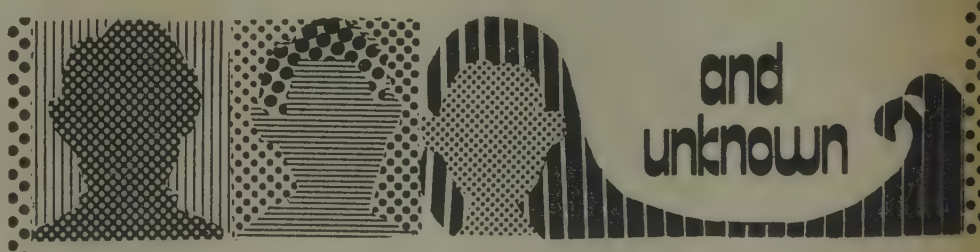
Very recently, **King Birendra** and **Queen Aishwaraya** of Nepal decided to take a ride in a rickshaw as part of their programme to discover for themselves the real condition of their people. Dressed as commoners, the royal couple climbed into the rickshaw of a man who was just deciding to call it a day, and told him that they wanted to "see" the town. This happened in Bir, a border town in Eastern Nepal. The rickshawman obliged, and eagerly pointed out the tourist spots to his passengers whom he mistook for tourists. King Birendra plied him with questions about himself and the man responded by revealing his secret hope of earning a great amount of money some day. The king played his role by presenting the man with Rs. 2000 as a reward for his labour. What makes this incident the more remarkable is the report that the King travels incognito quite frequently, in a bid to know his countrymen better. Which makes him quite unusual, in modern times at least, and proves that he is a King in his deeds as well as in name.

* * *

Mr. T. Sadashivam, Editor of Kalki, had a hard decision to make, but he made it all the same. Finding his magazine in financial straits and finding his staff against him, he closed down the magazine that had been a trailblazer in Tamil journalism in the past. "I could not help it," he said. "The decision was forced on me. When the staff struck work it was the last straw." According to him, he was keeping up the magazine only for two reasons, both of which had stopped being valid which made the fight against great odds quite purposeless.

One of the reasons was Rajaji, who was practically one of the founders of the magazine. The other was the Sankarachariya of Kanchi. "As Rajaji is dead and the sage is observing silence nowadays," Mr. Sadashivam felt the magazine had no real role to play, and said so, quoting the reasons for the closure. But readers feel that the editor himself may have lost interest in his magazine. For, had a will to save it been present, Mr. Sadashivam would not have found it difficult to save Kalki from financial ruin. His many readers and his illustrious wife, Mrs. M. S. Subbalakshmi, would have rushed to the magazine's aid, had he only asked.

* * *



Retirement is always something of a letdown. But for some retirement is a curse. For Mr. K. B. Thombare, ex-headmaster of the Blind School, Nagpur, retirement held the threat of penury. After having selflessly served his school for the past thirty-five years with utmost dedication and self-denial, he was left with no saving, no nest-egg to fall back upon, in his declining years. Being blind did not help matters either.

However, what the authorities failed to do, Mr. Thombare's students did. Ex-pupils and present ones joined together to collect a purse of Rs. 1001, a big amount for blind students to collect, and presented it to Mr. Thombare at a special function in his honour. Enough to suffice for the immediate present at least. And enough to repay in spirit the debt they owed their teacher. Mr. Thombare will have the satisfaction of knowing that his pupils have learnt his lesson of selflessness well.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

HAPPY TRAVELLING

Planning a holiday? Have you given a thought to your travel accessories? Don't make a last-minute buy but select carefully and wisely. On the market is a wide range of suitcases, zippered carry bags, weekend and overnight bags, cosmetic cases and handy bags to hold your toiletries, footwear and other knick knacks.

We don't consider fibreglass items a luxury. . . they are an investment to last you a lifetime, if handled with care.

Featured here are a variety of useful accessories which have several interesting points. Made in finest leather/foam leather/plastic, they combine durability with minimum weight, are practical as well as pleasing to the eye, and come in new contours and in a range of colours, at prices to suit all pockets.

This is a Special Feature which precedes our Special Travel Issue due next week.

1. A host of indispensable accessories for present day travelling, in foam leather/plastic: eye-catching handbag-cum-travelling bag for passport and other travel documents etc.; attache with multi-pockets; light and easy-to-carry bag for toiletries; handbag-cum-vanity case; folding vanity case; thermocole bag (keeps milk hot and water cool) with a nursery design for babies; seven-section bag in plastic for pins, lipstick, mirror etc. to carry in your handbag; and chappal case in plastic.

Courtesy: Harissons, Bombay

2

3

2. A real boon when travelling are these attractive carry-bags insulated with thermocole to keep food hot or cold. The one with a floral design can be folded and has sections for cutlery, plates and glasses. The other one stores food and has just one pocket.

3. So practical, so lightweight is this collapsible suitcase (lies flat when folded) and the capacious foam leather bag with several compartments. . . ideal for hikers.

Courtesy : Harissons, Bombay

4

4. Very novel is the smart suitcase on castors in foam leather and a spacious leather bag with gold-plated fittings.

Courtesy : Navrang Leather Goods House, Bombay

5. Traditional items that are perennially popular—a smart haversack in foam leather, inexpensive suitcases in leather and foam leather and a sturdy hold-all.

6. Sophisticated Aristocrat suitcase and matching vanity case. . . combine streamlined elegance with durability—not a luxury when you consider these an investment. The overnight bags in leather are available in attractive shades.

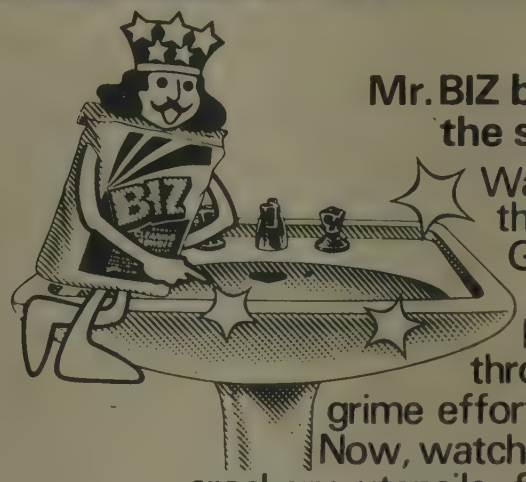
Courtesy : Navrang Leather Goods House, Bombay

←Courtesy : Gold Filled Leather Works, Bombay

5

6

Photographs : Prafull Pardeshi



Mr. BIZ brings out the starry shine!

Want to see that starry shine? Get Mr. BIZ on your side —and see the powerful BIZ formula cut through grease and grime effortlessly. Now, watch your crockery, utensils, floors and sanitaryware gleam as never before!

Mr. BIZ saves you money every time!

Yes, only Mr. BIZ can give you a 5-Refill pack that saves you Re. 1/- per refill. So, you actually save Rs. 5/- every time you buy the 5-Refill pack. Now, that's a clean saving!

BIZ
for a clean saving!

A Godrej Product

CASGS-107-305

NEW DELHI AS BEAUTY CENTRE:

DR. ARNOLD TAYLOR, CHAIRMAN, INTERNATIONAL THERAPY EXAMINATION CENTRE, IS INTERVIEWED BY PUSHPA HANS

Q. Dr. Taylor, is this your first visit to India?

A. Yes, not only to India, but to Asia as well.

Q. What is the purpose of your visit to India, Doctor?

A. Well, the purpose of my visit is to examine the students of Women's World International who have been trained by Shahnaz Husain, principal of the school, and to give away the I.T.E.C. diplomas.

Q. How is this diploma different from any other we have in India?

A. Well, that's very simple. The diplomas you have in India are not recognised by the I.T.E.C. Board. Hence they are not valid outside India.

Q. What do you think of the teaching systems of beauty therapy in India?

A. Well, to be very frank, I'm rather surprised at your teaching system. It is one thing to run a salon and a completely different matter to teach Beauty Therapy. In India Beauty Schools don't necessarily have trained teachers at the helm. If the teacher herself is not properly trained, or doesn't know exactly how to teach, she would not be teaching in quite the correct manner. The women coming out of such schools would be improperly trained. If these women, in due course, started Beauty schools of their own, a whirpool of problems would set in and become a vicious circle of inadequate training. This, at an international level, could have serious repercussions. The I. T. E.C. which prevails all over the world and now in Asia too, is very particular that the students who qualify from here be thorough beauty therapists. The next subject for them to do would be Teachers' Training if they want to go in for a more specialised line.

Q. What improvements would you suggest in our teaching system?

A. I cannot suggest any improvement in your teachers' training system, because apparently you have none at all.

Q. Do you foresee this trip to India, in fact Asia, as the beginning of such organised schools?

A. Well, that is exactly the purpose of my visit to India. When I gave my affiliation to Shahnaz Husain in London last year, I was prepared to fly and examine as few as four students. I have examined twelve and the standard of the students was excellent.

Q. Doctor, how do you plan to keep the set-up going with a one-week visit to India every year?

A. Well, I have an extremely well qualified lady to teach and represent I.T.E.C. in India. She is also a member of the International Guild of Beauty Therapists, and recently about six weeks ago was elected member of the American Association of Beauty Therapy.

Q. Doctor, why did you select India and not any other part of Asia?

A. Well, that's an interesting point. India is geographically and strategically so placed that it is within easy reach of this part of the world. Students from all over Asia and the Middle East could come to New Delhi.

Q. Do you think, Doctor, that India, known for centuries for its herbal wealth, could develop new beauty aids?

A. Why not? This is exactly what I tried to convey in my interview on TV. I myself happen to be an authority on Aroma therapy. I have written a book on it. We could combine herbal therapy with specialised Beauty and Physiotherapy in the form of an internationally famous beauty college.

Q. Are there any special books prescribed for study?

A. Yes, we insist that the books the students study be of a special standard — passed by us and available from us.

Q. In your country, Doctor, is it necessary to have a licence to run a beauty clinic?

A. Regularisation of a clinic is essential. No matter how simple the problem or complaint, the lady at the helm of such a clinic must be qualified to be able to take charge of any situation. I would go further. A simple problem like a mild bleach, for example, could have serious repercussions if the girl running the clinic is unaware of the hazards of such a treatment. Hence I would insist on a proper licence system. From what I understand, there is no such regulating law in India. Anyone, regardless of qualification, can open a clinic unchecked. This can be a source of great danger to the general public.

Q. What is your method of training in India and in your other centres in different parts of the world?

A. Well, we practise the salon-cum-teaching method, where the girls from the first day get into a uniform and are taught basic practical aspects of the set-up. Gradually, as time goes on, the girls become part of an active working salon.

Q. What is the difference between a Beauty Therapist and a Beauty Dermatologist?

A. Well, the difference is obvious. A Beauty Therapist is qualified to handle simple day to day beauty problems. On the other hand, a Beauty Dermatologist handles all aspects of beauty therapy from the medical angle — as well as other problems ranging from wrinkles, aging, acne, etc. to minor skin disorders.

Q. What do you think of cosmetics at an international level?

A. I think that the trend is swiftly going back to nature. Synthetic cosmetics will be replaced by herbal ones. Already one very big cosmetic firm has brought out herbal cosmetics.

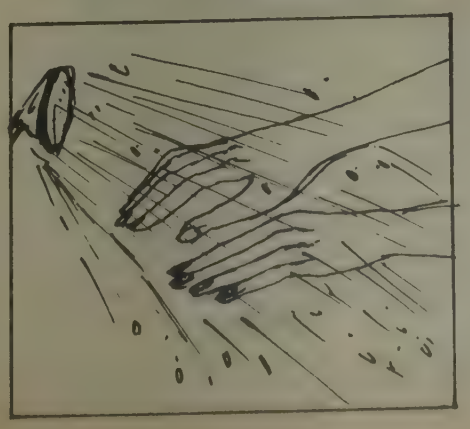
TO TRIM WAISTLINE

I have a slim figure except for my waist. As I am short my thick waistline makes me appear more dumpy. Please suggest some exercises for me.

S. P. (Chandigarh)

Here are some exercises for you but you should do them daily till you see results.

WAIST EXERCISE



1. Stand straight. Raise right arm as you step back with right foot, touching toes to floor. Now pull the muscles concentrating the action through the middle. Raise left arm, step back to touch toes of left foot to floor, and again pull through the waist area. Keep pulling the waist out of hips, and midriff up and away from the waist. Do ten times.

2. Stand with feet apart, arch arms overhead, fingertips touching, shoulders relaxed. Bend slowly sideways as far as possible, then come back to starting position and bend to the opposite side. Finish with a two-way stretch.

3. Kneel on right knee, stretch left foot out as far as it will reach. Bend to right until right hand is palm down on the floor, and let the left arm reach out beyond head. Now stretch from tip to toe slowly. Do this six times. Change position and stretch all along the left side. Relax and lie limp.

You must cut down on your food intake. Start by turning down all second helpings. Eat slowly. The calories go to the waist faster with fast eating. Avoid fatty foods, sweets, cakes, pastries etc.

VEINY HANDS

I am 27. I have long fingers and nails but my problem is veiny hands. Sometimes the veins are very conspicuous. Please suggest a solution.

S. K. (Calcutta)

Try splashing your hands and wrists with ice cold water. When the hands cool down, the veins will not seem so prominent.

Here is another suggestion for you. Raise your arms above your head and keep this position for a few minutes. The blood will course back from your fingers and your hands will look less veiny.

To camouflage the veins when going out, apply a foundation to match your skin.

MIDNI
GLA

**If you reach for the moon this festive season,
you'll light up the earth with constellations of party looks, in bright,
bold, twinkling fashions enough to make any seismograph jump with joy!
The vibrations for X'mas begin here and now in cosmic colours
and enchanting sparkling highlights. So, it's easy
to be your glamorous holiday self, decked out in the luxury look of silk,
beautifully woven with zari. Kanchipuram sarees in wondrous hues,
designs with wide and narrow shimmering borders and pallavs drape
marvellously for evening elegance and lend themselves
charmingly for dazzling maxis and caftans to wear romantically to a
X'mas eve ball or a gala gathering "at home!"**

ABOVE: To create a mood of magic at the X'mas party,
a beige Kanchipuram silk saree is ashimmer with turquoise blue and
gold traditionally woven borders and pallav,
while a flaming orange silk saree is toned down, with navy blue with
gold chakra design on the borders and pallav.

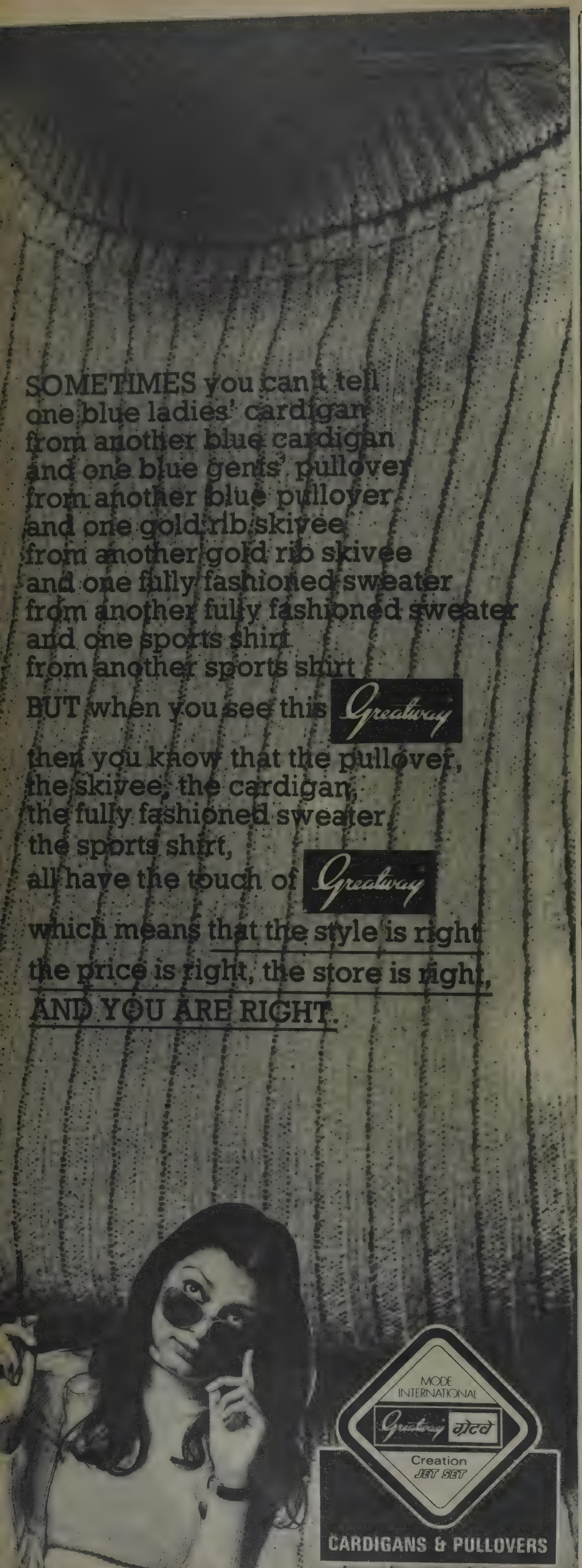
HT
MOUR!

LEFT : Glamour galore for a very special night!
A parrot green checked caftan with tiny silk motifs has orange, green and magenta woven border running down the body-fitting sides and has a removable apron front designed from the rich pallav. Elegantly at ease is a cream Kanchipuram silk maxi styled from a saree with the borders and pallav effectively used round the skirt, bodice and cuffs of the straight raglan sleeves.

ABOVE: Traditional olde worlde charm for an exciting, glamorous look for today. A divine magenta and gold check Kanchipuram silk saree has a wide gold and green border with intricate woven design. Another Kanchipuram silk saree in peacock blue has gold leaf motifs all over with magenta and gold border and pallav.

Courtesy : Radha Silk Emporium, Marine Drive, Bombay.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter


SOMETIMES you can't tell
one blue ladies' cardigan
from another blue cardigan
and one blue gents' pullover
from another blue pullover
and one gold rib skivee
from another gold rib skivee
and one fully fashioned sweater
from another fully fashioned sweater
and one sports shirt
from another sports shirt
BUT when you see this Greatway
then you know that the pullover,
the skivee, the cardigan,
the fully fashioned sweater,
the sports shirt,
all have the touch of Greatway
which means that the style is right
the price is right, the store is right,
AND YOU ARE RIGHT.
MODE INTERNATIONAL
Greatway Jet
Creation
JET SET
CARDIGANS & PULLOVERS

Presenting wholesome, delicious variations with Brown & Polson Custard Powder

Quick tricks you can serve every day...and still keep them guessing!

The most popular dessert on your menu

If your children fuss about drinking milk, give them custard! Brown & Polson Custard is like no other custard: delicious, wholesome. And grown-ups love its taste, too!

Easy-to-make Brown & Polson Custard Powder: the family favourite, by popular vote...think of all the wonderful things you can do with it!

Set it. Set Brown & Polson Custard Powder and you get a big, luscious Blancmange: Top with nuts, fruit...anything goes!

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Corn Products Co. (India) Pvt. Ltd.

children's page

Kamal Aurora

I AM GOING TO TIMBUCKTOO!

When I go to Timbucktoo I take many things with me because Timbucktoo is so far away! Try and guess what these items are from the clues given below.

When I go to Timbucktoo I take:

1. I take a small box with many, many small sticks inside. Each stick has a brown head.

2. I take a small machine that I tie on my wrist.

3. I take an oblong item that has teeth. It doesn't bite though!

4. I take a small container for something which is slippery when it is wet.

5. I take something which becomes round and big when I open it and thin and long when I close it. I use it when I go out in bad weather.

6. I take something with a handle to clean and sparkle a number of small, sharp, white things.

7. I take in my pocket something which is soft, white and square with which I catch something that runs.

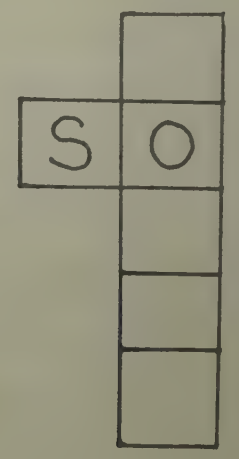
8. I take something that is made of two pieces with something tasty in between.

9. I take an item that stings my eyes if it gets inside but which keeps me clean.

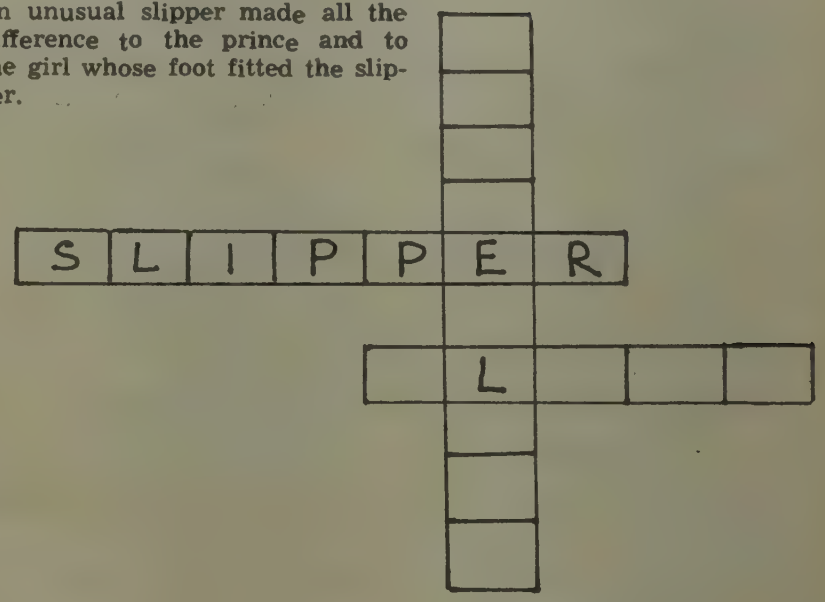
10. I take what are like a pair of mittens but don't fit on the hands.

WORD LADDER

1. Clue: What you say when you are in the wrong.



2. Clue: Famous nursery story. An unusual slipper made all the difference to the prince and to the girl whose foot fitted the slipper.



THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

It was raining. Omphy Momphy stood near the window of his room and watched the rain fall. Omphy Momphy spied a little bird sitting on a branch of a tree. It too was wet and kept fluttering its wings to shake off the water. The bird looked funny with all its feathers stuck together. Just like how he looked after his bath, with all his hair stuck to his head! Omphy Momphy began to laugh.

"Look Mummy," he shouted, "that bird looks just like me!"

Omphy Momphy's mother was busy in the kitchen. "Stop shouting Omphy Momphy," she said.

"Can I have a bath, Mummy?" asked Omphy Momphy loudly.

"Yes," replied his mother. Her voice sounded a little surprised,

Omphy Momphy took off his shoes and socks, his shirt and vest, and walked to the side door. He opened it quietly and closed it behind him.

The breeze was cold. The raindrops were large and wet! Omphy Momphy stepped out into the rain. In a minute he was wet.

"OOOH!" cried Omphy Momphy in delight. This was even better than swimming! Omphy Momphy rubbed his body like he did when he was bathing. This was real fun.

"WHEEEE!" said Omphy Momphy and opened his mouth to catch the raindrops. A raindrop fell right into his eye! Omphy Momphy closed his eyes tight and felt the raindrops falling on his face. The water trickled into his nose and his ears. Omphy

Momphy did not have so many hands to close both his ears and nose, although he did try. What a funny sight he must have looked!

Omphy Momphy stopped trying to catch raindrops in his mouth. He saw a big puddle of water and jumped into it.

Up in the tree, the little bird twittered, "Chirp!"

"Chirp!" replied Omphy Momphy, "I'm having a bath too!"

"CR-O-AK!" The funny sound made Omphy Momphy jump! He saw a large green frog sitting by the side of the puddle he was jumping in.

"Hello!" said Omphy Momphy. "You're having a rain bath too?"

"CR-O-AK!" agreed the frog and jumped into the puddle.

"Chirp!" said the little bird.

"CR-O-AK!" said the frog.

"OMPHY MOMPHY!" yelled his mother in anger.

Omphy Momphy stood up and let the rain wash his muddy face and hands. "Coming!" he shouted. How sad. Now he would have to say goodbye to his new friends.

"See you on another rainy day," said Omphy Momphy.

"Omphy Momphy. Come inside this minute," said his mother. She was really angry. "Who asked you to go out in the rain?" she said, when she got Omphy Momphy inside the house. "I'm really angry with you."

"Now you will have to have a hot bath," said his mother.

"But I've just had a bath!" said Omphy Momphy.

"Next time when you say bath, it doesn't mean in the rain," said his mother.

"But a rain bath is fun," said Omphy Momphy.

"Not when you catch a cold and have to stay in bed," said his mother.

"But I don't have a cold," said Omphy Momphy.

"You don't?" asked his mother.

Omphy Momphy was about to shake his head to say 'no', when he felt his nose tickling. A-TICHOO! sneezed Omphy Momphy.

"That's a rain sneeze," said Omphy Momphy. "It's not a cold —A-TICHOO!"

Omphy Momphy's mother was smiling when she ducked him in the tub.

ANSWERS:

I Am Going To Timbucktoo:

1. Matchbox. 2. Watch. 3. Comb. 4. Soapdish. 5. Umbrella. 6. Toothbrush. 7. Handkerchief. 8. Sandwich. 9. Soap. 10. Socks.

WORD LADDER

1. Ans.: So Sorry.

2. Ans.: Cinderella's glass slipper.

FOR THE WOMAN
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MOMENT IS
PRECIOUS

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A FEW GEMS
FROM HMT

hmt

Marketing Division

TIMEKEEPERS TO
THE NATION

FOR GOOD CHEERS!

Premila Lal

Christmas makes the home hum with activity... excited voices, appetising aromas from the kitchen, door chimes heralding the arrival of family and friends, exchange of gifts and greetings, the tinkle of glasses and the table set for a X'mas feast! It is an occasion to remember your Creator and to share the many blessings and joys bestowed on you with your loved ones. So, serve them those deliciously home-baked cakes, pizzas, pastries, marzipans, and for lunch add stuffed baked chicken (turkeys are too expensive these days) and shrimp-vegetable pulao, garnished to bring in the festive mood.

NOEL WREATHS

1 cup butter or margarine
1 egg
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ cup maple syrup
½ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
2/3 cups finely chopped walnuts
Red and green candied cherries

Beat butter or margarine with sugar until fluffy-light in a large bowl. Beat in egg and vanilla. Stir in flour, a third at a time, blending well to make a soft dough. Measure out 1/3 cup of the dough and mix walnuts and maple syrup in a small bowl; reserve for cooky centres in step three. Fit a pastry bag with a small star tip; fill bag with remaining dough. Press out into one and a half inch rings on ungreased large cooky sheets; fill centre of each cooky with about a teaspoonful of nut mixture; decorate wreaths with slivers of red and green candied cherries. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 12 minutes, or until lightly golden at edges. Remove carefully from cooky sheets to wire racks; cool completely.

ROAST CHICKEN WITH WALNUT STUFFING

1 chicken
4 tbsps. chopped onions
4 tbsps. chopped celery
1 cup chopped white bread cubes
1 cup chopped brown bread cubes
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 tbsp. chopped dill
2 eggs
2 green chillis, finely chopped
3 tbsps. flour
1½ cups chicken stock
3 dried bay leaves
5 tbsps. butter or ghee
A dash of pepper
Salt to taste

Wash and dry the chicken and keep whole. Prepare the stuffing by heating four tablespoons of butter and frying the onions and celery till tender. In a large bowl combine the bread, wal-

Courtesy: 'Monginis,' Akbarallys, Nariman Road, Bombay.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

nuts, salt, soya sauce and pepper. Add the sauted vegetables, eggs and four tablespoons water, finely chopped chilli and dill. Mix well. Stuff the chicken with this and sew the opening with thread. Bend the wings under the body and tie the legs together. Place the bird in a roasting pan and brush with melted butter. Roast, uncovered, in a preheated oven 325 deg. F. for half an hour. Reduce heat to 245 deg. F. and cover with foil. Roast for another two hours. Uncover, and brown for another half an hour. Brush lightly with butter. Melt the remaining one tablespoon of butter and stir in the flour to make a smooth dough. Gradually stir in the chicken broth and dripping and seasoning. Simmer for five minutes and serve with the chicken.

PIZZAS

1 kg. tomatoes
500 grams flour (maida)
30 grams yeast
4 eggs
1 gill warm milk
2 tsps. salt
2 tsps. sugar
125 grams butter
2 bunches spring onions
2 tbsps. chopped parsley
180 grams cheese
125 grams stuffed olives
Seasoning
Olive oil

Sieve the salt and flour and warm it. Beat the eggs and soften the butter. Cream together the yeast, sugar, milk and beaten eggs. Make a well in the flour and pour in this liquid. Mix, add melted butter and knead well. Cover flour with a piece of muslin and leave to rise for one hour. Meanwhile chop tomatoes and spring onions. Slice the onions, olives and grate the cheese. Heat some oil in a saucepan and saute the onions, tomatoes and parsley for five minutes. Season. Leave to drain and cool excess liquid if necessary.

Oil small thalis and spread the dough in them. Flute the edges or leave plain. Spread the tomato mixture over this. Sprinkle the chopped olives and cheese on top. Glaze with a little olive oil and bake in a moderate oven for about half hour. For non-vegetarians, pizzas may be topped with fillets of sardines, ham or slices of chicken.

PRAWN — VEGETABLE PULAO

450 grams prawns (cleaned)
450 grams Patna rice
1 cup chopped vegetables (beans and carrots)
½ cup green peas
2 large onions
2-3 cardamoms
2 sticks cinnamon
3 cloves
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. ghee or oil
¾ pint chicken or fish stock
Garnishing

Clean the prawns, rub with chilli powder, salt and turmeric. Wash rice and soak in a pint of cold water. Meanwhile, slice the onions and chop the vegetables. Heat a tablespoon of ghee or oil and fry the seasoned prawns till a golden brown. Remove and keep aside. In the same saucepan, add remaining ghee and saute onions, vegetables, cloves and cardamoms. Strain and add rice and fry for five minutes, pour in the stock and season with salt. Cook for 20 minutes, mix in the prawns. Lower heat and simmer till rice is cooked.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

250 grams flour
250 grams butter
250 grams dark sugar
250 grams currants
250 grams sultanas
125 grams glace cherries
A little rum or brandy
½ tsp. baking powder
125 grams orange peel, chopped
125 grams lemon peel, chopped fine
30 grams ground almonds
½ tsp. ground cinnamon
¼ tsp. mixed spices
4 eggs

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add the beaten eggs, one at a time, beat well. If the mixture shows any signs of curdling, add a little flour with the last egg or two. Mix all the dry ingredients together and add to the mixture, adding the rum half way through. Mix well till blended. Put mixture into a greased doubly lined cake tin and bake in a slow oven till ready (about three hours). (It's a good idea to make this cake about three weeks ahead of time as it improves in flavour.)

To Coat And Decorate The Christmas Cake:

Spread cake with a layer of almond paste and then coat with Royal Icing. Leave to set and decorate with green icing in the shape of holly leaves, tiny red balls, angelica leaves, marzipan berries, etc.

ALMOND PASTE:

300 grams sugar (half icing and half castor)
250 grams ground almonds
1 tsp. vanilla essence
1 tsp. rum
1 tsp. sherry
1 tsp. lemon juice
8 drops almond essence
1 egg

Sieve the sugars together and mix with the almonds and flavourings and enough egg to bind thoroughly. Knead with hands, adding the moisture very gradually as the oil in the almonds comes out while working. Knead till it forms a dough. When rolling, sprinkle some icing sugar on the board. Cut out the icing with the cake tin in which the cake was baked. Trim cake neatly and brush lightly with golden syrup or apricot jam before placing the sheet of almond paste on top and sides.

ROYAL ICING:

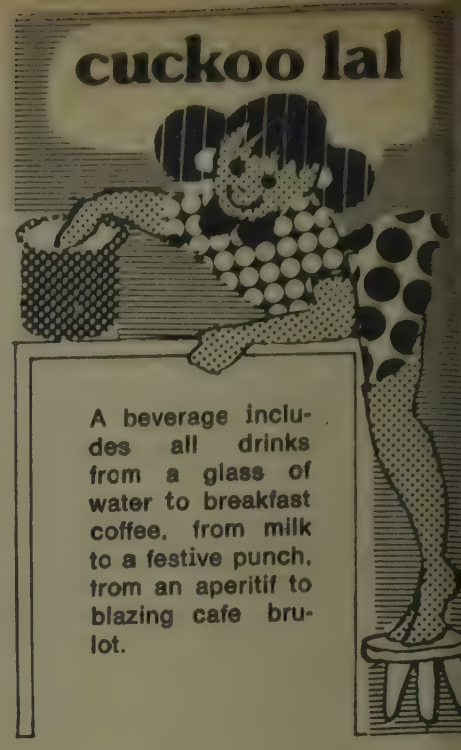
2 egg whites
450 grams icing sugar
1 tsp. lemon juice

Sieve the sugar at least three times and put two thirds of it in a bowl, keep remainder to add later. Whisk egg whites very lightly and add a little at a time to the sugar, beating hard with a wooden spoon. Add lemon juice, a few drops at a time and continue beating, working in the remaining sugar too. Beat icing really hard for about 10 minutes until it is so stiff that the wooden spoon will stand up in it.

OLD FASHIONED MARZIPAN RECIPE

480 grams loaf sugar
4 oz. water
A pinch of cream of tartar
360 grams ground almonds
Whites of 2 eggs
Colouring and flavouring to taste

Boil the water and sugar in a saucepan. Add cream of tartar. Then boil mixture to 240 deg. F. Remove pan from the fire and add the ground almonds immediately, mix them in well and add the whites of two eggs (whisked). Place the saucepan again on the fire and cook the mixture for two minutes, stirring it gently. Turn the paste on a dish or slab and work it with a spatula or wooden spoon until cool enough to handle. Place the paste in a mortar and pound it well, using a little icing sugar if it is sticky. If no mortar is available, knead the paste with the hand on a pastry board sprinkled if necessary with icing sugar. Colour and flavour to taste and make into desired shapes and sizes (fruits and vegetables etc.).


cuckoo lal
A beverage includes all drinks from a glass of water to breakfast coffee, from milk to a festive punch, from an aperitif to blazing cafe brulot.

Cookery Queen Of The Month

Aban Lal of Bangalore wins Rs. 100 plus a 315 mm tava from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

FESTIVE CHICKEN-E-HIND

2 kgs. chicken, jointed
100 grams butter
10 cloves
10 cardamoms
4" sticks cinnamon

GARNISH:

100 grams almonds, slivered
100 grams pistachio nuts, chopped, fried
100 grams cashewnuts, fried
100 grams dried apricots (stewed till tender in half cup of sugar syrup)
100 grams raisins, fried
100 grams sultanas, fried
100 grams glace cherries
1 cup crisp fried onions
2 tbsps. chopped coriander
6 hard-boiled eggs, halved lengthwise

MARINADE:

6 cups thick curd, whipped
1 tbsp. ginger-garlic paste
3 tbsps. chilli powder
1 tsp. pepper powder
6 large green chillis, minced
½ tsp. cumminseed
Salt to taste

Mix the chicken pieces in the marinade, place in a glass bowl and refrigerate for 24 hours.

Heat butter in a large saucepan, gently brown the cloves, cinnamon and cardamoms in it. Drain chicken from marinade, add to the pan and fry until nice and brown. Add all the remaining marinade, bring to a boil and then let the chicken gently simmer in this rich aromatic sauce until it is tender and a thick gravy coats the meat. The secret of this dish lies in cooking it over very low heat, with no water added, so that the flesh absorbs the delicious flavour of the liquid in which it is cooked. When serving, place the hot chicken on a large silver tray or platter, garnish with ingredients given, sprinkle with freshly chopped coriander and serve with freshly baked nans.

recipes from our readers

Miss Sabina Fernandes, Bombay

MUTTON BALLS WITH LEMON SAUCE

1 large onion
½ kg. minced mutton
50 grams rice, cooked
2 large eggs
Salt to taste
A dash of chilli powder
Chopped parsley
150 grams butter or ghee
1 dstsp. cornflour
Lemon juice

Mince the onion, put it in a basin with minced mutton, whites of eggs, rice, salt, chilli powder and knead it well. Have ready the chopped parsley on a plate. Take a tablespoon of minced meat, form into balls and roll in the parsley. Melt the ghee in a large saucepan, carefully place all the balls in one or two layers (not more as they will break). Cover with hot water and cook slowly for one hour. Remove the balls and keep warm on a serving dish, retaining the liquid for the sauce. Add cornflour, mix well, add lemon juice to taste and stirring well, bring to a boil. Pour the sauce over the meat balls.

Mrs. Dolly De Niese, Kolhapur

APRICOT CHICKEN

1½ kg. chicken
240 grams apricots
2 medium onions
2 cloves garlic
A small piece ginger
½ tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. saffron
1 tbsp. milk (hot)
2 tbsps. cooking fat
½ tsp. garam masala
Salt to taste

Wash, clean and joint chicken. Stone apricots. Chop onions finely, skin and chop tomatoes. Pound garlic into a paste with chilli and ginger. Crumble saffron into hot milk and let it dissolve.

In a saucepan heat the fat, fry onions till light cream. Put in the garlic and ginger paste and fry with onions for 5 minutes stirring often.

Add chicken pieces, garam masala, tomatoes and salt to the pan. Pour in 1½ pints warm water and simmer gently until chicken is cooked and tender.

Remove, cover now and again to see that water has not evaporated. If it has, add a little warm water. When chicken is tender and done, add the saffron, milk and apricots and cook gently until apricots are soft and tender but not mushy. Serve hot.

Note: Duck or any other poultry can be cooked like this. With peaches or apricots, tinned fruit can be used but not the syrup.

Mrs. Usha G. Nair, Varkala

BIRYANI STUFFED DUCK ROAST

1 duck (1½ kg.)
1 cup onion, chopped
½ cup tomato, chopped
½ cup curd
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. ginger-garlic paste
1 tbsp. cashewnuts, chopped
2 tbsp. coconut, grind
1 tbsp. lime juice
½ cup ghee
Salt to taste
Coriander leaves as required.

STUFFING:

2 cups biryani rice (half boiled)
2 cups boiled vegetables (green peas, carrots, cabbage etc.)
1 tbsp. ghee
4 cardamoms
16 peppercorns
8 cloves
2" piece cinnamon
Salt to taste

Heat ghee and fry the spices. Then add rice, vegetables and salt, fry for a few minutes and remove from fire and keep.

Clean and wash duck and keep it whole. Heat ghee and fry onion till the colour changes. Add turmeric powder, chilli powder and ginger-garlic paste and then add the duck. Cook for 5 minutes and then add chopped tomatoes and curd. Add sufficient water to cook the duck. When half done, add salt, lime juice, cashewnut, coconut paste and coriander leaves. Cook till the gravy becomes thick. Remove duck from the gravy. When cool rub the outside of the duck with the thick gravy. Then stuff the stomach of the duck with the biryani stuffing and sew the opening. Bake in an electric oven till done.

Shashi Mahajan, Delhi

GINGER SNAPS

180 grams self raising flour
90 grams honey
2 tsps. dry ground ginger
1 egg
50-60 grams sugar
30 grams hydrogenated fat
1 tsp. bicarbonate of soda
A pinch of salt
Sweetened cream

Sift flour, salt, soda bicarbonate and ginger together. Add sugar. Melt fat and honey. Cool slightly, then add dry ingredients and add the egg. Mix thoroughly. Divide into 24 pieces and make into balls. Place these balls well apart on a greased baking sheet. Bake and then remove from sheet, and roll round the oiled handle of a wooden spoon. Remove when set. Fill with sweetened cream just before serving.

weekly winner

Miss Zeena Thomas of Bombay wins Rs. 50 plus a nonstick sandwich toaster and a Tin-O-Mat from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

LAYERED MINCE PIE

1 kg. minced beef or mutton
15 grams lard
1 large onion, peeled and sliced
30 grams mushrooms
2 level tbsp. tomato ketchup
1 kg potatoes, boiled and peeled
15 grams butter
2 tbsps. milk
1 large egg
Salt and pepper to taste

Cream the potatoes with butter and milk. Melt the lard in a pan, add the onion and cook it quickly, until it turns a golden brown colour. Add the minced meat and continue frying quickly so that pieces separate. Cut mushrooms into slices, add to the pan and fry for one minute. Remove pan from the heat and stir in the flour, then gradually blend in the stock, tomato ketchup, pepper and salt. Bring the mixture to a boil, stirring all the time, then allow to cook for five minutes so that it thickens.

Spoon half the mixture in a baking pie dish, spread over half the creamed potatoes, then top with the rest of the mince. Beat egg and stir it into the remaining potatoes, then spread this on top of the mince, leaving the surface slightly rough.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023

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ASP/FOR/2-

PASSAGES

SETTING OFF ON THE MIDLIFE PASSAGE

Gail Sheehy

It is a paradox that as we reach our prime, we also see there is a place where it finishes.

The middle of the thirties is literally the midpoint of life. The halfway mark. No gong rings, of course. But twinges begin. Deep down a change begins to register in those gut-level perceptions of safety and danger, time and no time, aliveness and stagnation, self and others. It starts with a vague feeling. . .

I have reached some sort of meridian in my life, I had better take a survey, re-examine where I have been, and re-evaluate how I am going to spend my resources from now on. Why am I doing all this? What do I really believe in?

Underneath this vague feeling is the fact, as yet unacknowledged, that there is a down side to life, a back of the mountain, and that **I have only so much time before the dark to find my own truth.**

As such thoughts gather thunder, the continuity of the life cycle is interrupted. They usher in a decade that can be called, in the deepest sense, the Deadline Decade. Somewhere between 35 and 45 if we let ourselves, most of us will have a full-out authenticity crisis.

We see the dark at the end of the tunnel first. The apprehension is often sudden and sharp. We don't know what to do with it or even what "it" is; no young person really believes his end will come. The first time that idea breaks through, no matter how sound the state of our health and how substantial our position, most of us become intensely preoccupied with signs of ageing and premature doom.

Does this make sense? Not rationally, no. If our apprehensions were logical, then the fear should mount as we grow older and come closer to dying. Usually, it doesn't. As people restabilize on the other side of the midlife passage, the specter of death moves farther back in their minds. They talk about it a lot and compare protective strategies, but by then "it" is real, not a private, unmentionable gargoyle.

This chapter will explore some of the predictable inner changes most of us can expect to feel in the Deadline Decade as we move through it; seeing the dark first, disassembling ourselves, then glimpsing the light, and gathering our parts into a renewal.

SEEING THE DARK AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

The sudden change in the proportion of safety and danger we feel in our lives is seldom anticipated, which is why people often feel depressed at the start of this passage. When we were buoyed by the optimism of the early years, we could easily steer clear of the dark side by sailing from one channel of vigorous activity to another. Our juices were running full. Ordinarily, our potency was building in every sphere — stronger bodies, better sex, bigger accomplishments, more friends, higher salaries — and oh, how we loved to exhibit our powers! It seemed they could do nothing but increase. They defended us well against the inadmissible truth that no one has forever.

Ask anyone over 35, when did you first begin to feel old? Was it when you looked at yourself in the buff and realised that everything was half an inch lower?

"Hold your stomach in, Mom."

"It's in."

Most of us notice first the cracks in our physical shells and see them in distortion, as if in a funny house mirror. A comedian gave as ridiculous an answer as any. "I knew I was middle-aged when I woke up one morning to find a twenty-three-inch hair growing out of my ear."

What we turn away from in the mirror, we can't escape seeing in our friends, our children, our parents. These are the "others" who register the fact that "you" are soon going to be different.

Your mood swings up and down by sheer caprice. Madcap optimism in the morning, in the doldrums by lunch. You make a joke to yourself about acting like "some nutty menopausal woman." But you don't believe it, of course. You are a woman still menstruating regularly, and women of 38 are at the sexual **peak.** Or you are a man, and after all, Charlie Chaplin was making babies at 81.

CHANGE IN TIME SENSE

Going into this crisis decade, every one of us can expect a distortion in our sense of time. We have stumbled onto that apostrophe in time between the end of growing up and the beginning of growing old.

"Time is running out. Time must be beaten. Can I accomplish all that I'd hoped before it's too late?"

To women who have been at home, time is suddenly seen as long.

"Look at all the time ahead! After the children are gone, what will I do with it?"

Social psychologist Bernice Neugarten in an interview confirmed this broad difference in change of time sense for the two sexes. Career position is significantly involved in the personality changes for men, and health is more of an age marker for them than for women. Women are much more likely to see a realm of unimagined opportunities opening up in the middle years. An initial sense of danger and timidity may give way to invigoration. For most of them there are still so many firsts ahead.

The change in time sense forces each of us to a major task of midlife. All our notions of the future need to be rebalanced around the idea of time left to live.

CHANGE IN SENSE OF ALIVENESS VERSUS STAGNATION

Before we are able to do this rebalancing, the time problem will have most of us feeling stalled. Our distorted perspective foreshortens the future so falsely we are likely to create our own inertia, saying, "It's too late to start something new." Boredom is what it **feels** like, but as author Barbara Fried explains so nicely, we have boredom mixed up with time diffusion. They are different. Routine boredom can be cured by seeking out simple novelties of experience. Time diffusion is a deeper malaise that stems from our sudden, drastic lack of trust in the future and an unwillingness to believe there is anything to look forward to.

Trust is the foundation of hope formed in earliest childhood. Now we are back to "go," reckoning all over again the balance we can expect between our needs and when, or if, they will be met. Except that now there is no caregiver. **We** are our hope. And we can't very well trust in our own resources for enlivening the future until we find out who we want to be on the other side of the meridian. That's the circle. It's not vicious; it's the run around that leads to revitalization. We have to go all around it, stagnate in it, before we are spurred to break out and make use of the time left. "Yes, I can change. It's not too late to start what I put aside!"

It is a paradox that as we come out of the crisis, although we have less actual time left, the depression and ennui lift. The future is again seen in truer perspective because we infuse it then with the faith of our redefined purpose.

CHANGE IN SENSE OF SELF AND OTHERS

About now, your son beats you at tennis for the first time. Or he asks if he and his girl friend can take their sleeping bags out in the backyard. You stew all night, wondering how do they do it?

Your daughter wants to go shopping. You stare at the store windows and see yourself in the same clothes. Inside the store your daughter looks shocked when you try on a supersexy dress. "Oh Mom, that's disgusting."

It is a paradox that teenage children are totally intolerant of midlife parents for having much the same romantic fantasies they have.

You look to your parents for comfort and find they have weakened. Their eyes aren't good. They would rather you drive. When a parent contracts a terminal illness, who is next? You, the 40-year-old, are abruptly flung to the front of the generational train, followed only by your own children.

With your own role as child to your parents intact, you still felt secure. With the death of your father or mother, you are exposed. "Today there are a tremendous number of people who experience death for the

first time with a parent's passing when they themselves are 35 to 40," as Margaret Mead observes. "This is altogether new in the world." The death of the remaining parent has been documented as one of the most constant crisis points in the individual's evolving image of self.

People in the middle years will often say, "All my friends are dying of cancer." All their friends aren't, but if even one or two are, it comes as a shock.

Had any such sudden tragedy struck a friend or relation when you were 25, your sympathetic reaction would have been of a safely distant kind. The pestilence would have been theirs, a life accident. Now it is a red alert to make more of your own life before it is too late. And that is all to the good.

It is a paradox that as death becomes personalised, a life force becomes energized. In the very jaws of this danger is opportunity, the chance for no less than a second christening.

DE-ILLUSIONING THE DREAM

The changes in perception are most vividly reflected in the way the dream is now seen. Whatever your occupation, you cannot help but face up to the gap between your vision of yourself in the twenties and the actuality of your arrival at 40. If you are a 40-year-old mother, your purpose will soon slip from your arms. If you are a chief executive officer, the business psychologists who proclaim "no man over 45 should be in a line position" will soon be talking about you.

The affirmation you have or have not accrued by 40 will tell you in what league you can expect to play out your life. No matter what your position you will wonder, "Is this all there is?"

The same disillusionment seizes everybody, steam fitter or top brass, and that is crucial to remember if you are to save yourself from wallowing in self-pity.

You must give up believing that all the riches of life will come from reaching the goals of your idealised self. If your ideal self is evidently not going to be attainable and you refuse to adjust down, you will go the route of chronic depression. On the other hand, if you recognise that you will never be president of the big-city bank, you can get on with becoming branch manager in your favourite community and maybe find your greatest pleasure in becoming a Little League coach or starting a choir.

If your ideal self **has** been achieved, what happens after the dream comes true? If you don't replace it with a new dream, there may be no zeal left for the future, although there may be plenty to fear. On the other hand, you are freed by your success to take old passions off the shelf, to open that funny little restaurant you always had a yen to cook for, to throw yourself into song writing or helping minorities or landscape gardening for your friends. I know people in midlife who have turned to all these things. They are far more ebullient people than their counterparts who stay with the old, achieved dream and find themselves in their fifties literally squeezing it for lifeblood.

It is a paradox that while medical science has increased our longevity, business psychology seeks to shrink our work span.

GROPING TOWARD AUTHENTICITY

The loss of youth, the faltering of physical powers we have always taken for granted, the fading purpose of stereotyped roles by which we have thus far identified ourselves, the spiritual dilemma of having no absolute answers — any or all of these shocks can throw us into crisis. But in all of us, before this decade is out, the crisis makes sweeping changes in personality possible. And some degree of personality change is probably inevitable.

These changes may permit a woman to assert herself, a man to allow his emotions, and any one of us to let our narrow occupational and economic definitions fall away. When that hapens, we are ready to look for

This concluding excerpt from PASSAGES (Predictable Crises of Adult Life), deals with the trauma of middle age, when one has to evaluate one's past, face disillusionment and disintegration and build new values to live by

a sense of purpose truly our own. The very act of striking out on that path can pave the way to a new, freestanding intimacy between us and the ones we love.

But first, letting the dark side open up will release a cast of demons. Every loose end not resolved in previous passages will resurface to haunt us. Even chips off the archaic totem pole of childhood will come to the surface. Buried parts of ourselves will demand incorporation or at least that we make the effort of seeing and discarding them.

These demons may lead us into private hells of depression, sexual promiscuity, power chasing, hypochondria, self-destructive acts (alcoholism, drug taking, car accidents, suicide), and violent swings of mood. All are well documented as rising during the middle years. The midlife crisis has also been used by psychiatrists as an explanation for why so many highly creative and industrious people burn out by their mid-thirties. Even more dramatic is the evidence that they can die from it.

If we do admit the dark side, what are we likely to see?

We are selfish.
We are greedy.
We are competitive.
We are fearful.
We are dependent.
We are jealous.
We are possessive.
We have a destructive side.

Who's afraid of growing up? Who isn't? For if and when we do begin the process of re-examining all that we think and feel and stand for, in the effort to forge an identity that is authentically ours and ours alone, we run into our own resistance. There is a moment—an immense and precarious moment—of stark terror. And in that moment most of us want to retreat as fast as possible because to go forward means facing a truth we have suspected all along:

We stand alone.

We are the only ones with our own set of thoughts and bundle of feelings. Another person can **taste** them, through shared experience or conversation, but no other person can ever really **digest** them.

From the childhood identifications with our parents we carry along the most primitive layer of imaginary protection: the protection of that dictator-guardian I have called the inner custodian. It is this internalized protection that gives us a sense of insulation, and even into the middle years, shields us from coming face to face with our own absolute separateness. We look to our mates, to our children, to money or success, hoping they will extend the protection of the caregivers from our childhood. The illusory power of the inner custodian has made us believe that if we don't stick our necks out, if we don't test our full potential, we are somehow insulated from danger, failure, getting sick, dying. But it is an illusion.

People whose biographies I have taken can say at 44 to 45, "I really went through hell for a few years, and I'm just coming out of it," but their capacity to describe what "it" felt like is often limited. People right in the middle of midlife passage may be so panicky that the only descriptions they can summon are of "living in a state of suspended animation" or "I sometimes wonder in the morning if life is worth getting up for." To be any more introspective seems dangerous.

A 43-year-old designer was able to articulate the feelings that bring on the emotional vertigo of this period. "What I've discovered over the last year is how much of what is inadmissible to myself I have suppressed. Feelings that I've always refused to admit are surfacing in a way **I am no longer willing to prevent.** I'm willing to accept the responsibility for what I **really feel.** I don't have to pretend those feelings don't exist in order to accommodate a model of what I should be."

By his own admissions, this man is engaging the midlife crisis. "I'm really shocked now at the range and the quality of those feelings — feelings of fear, of envy, of greed, of competition. All these so-called bad feelings are really rising where I can see them and feel them. I'm amazed at the incredible energy we all spend suppressing them and not admitting pain."

The consensus of current research is that the transition into middle life is as critical as adolescence and in some ways more harrowing. Can it possibly be worth it to ride with this chaos and see it all? Is it worth it to become real?

I'm rather partial to the answer given in a children's book, **The Velveteen Rabbit.** One day the young rabbit asks the Skin Horse, who has been around the nursery quite some time, what is real? And does it hurt?

"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are **REAL** you don't mind being hurt."

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse, "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't often happen to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally by the time you are **REAL** most of your hair has been loved off, and

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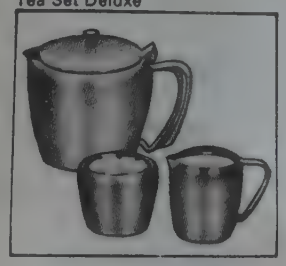

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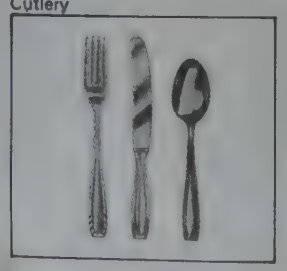

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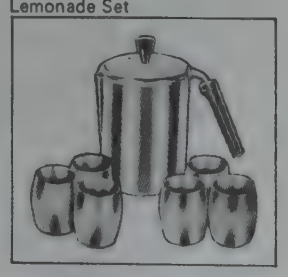

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PASSAGES

your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are **REAL** you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

FROM DISASSEMBLING TO RENEWAL

While the dilemma of this decade is the search for authenticity, the work is to move through a disassembling to a renewal. What is disassembling is that narrow self we have thus far put together in a form tailored to please the culture and other people.

It is the form we hurried through our twenties to find, the identity we developed in order to stabilize ourselves, and around which we built the life system of the early thirties: the ambitious executive, the supermom who always copes, the fearless politician, the wife who asks permission. We could not afford then to act on our own internal authority. The unspoken promise was, if we did a good job and stayed within that straight and narrow form, we would be liked and rewarded and live forever.

The shock of this turning point is to discover that the promise was an illusion. That narrow, innocent self is indeed dying, must die, in order to make room for the fully expanded self who will take in all our parts, the selfish, scared and cruel along with the expansive and tender — the "bad" along with the "good".

It is no either disassembling or renewal. It is both. By allowing this dis-integration, by taking in our suppressed and even our unwanted parts, each of us prepares at the gut level for the reintegration of an identity that is truly our own. We are free to seek the truth about ourselves more vigorously and thus to see the world in truer perspective.

Along the way to that freedom, we must do some grieving for the old "dying" self and take up a conscious stance with regard to our own inevitable mortality. It is this mature insight that will protect us from slavishly following what the culture wants.

"Take back your silly rules!" we can shout at last. "No one can dictate what is right for me. I have glimpsed the worst, and now I can afford to know whatever there is to know. I am my own and only protection. For the fact is, this is my one and only journey through life."

Through the process of disassembling, then, we provide for the grandest expansion. By the end of this period we can include inside our boundaries all that we are and have experienced — and re-value it. That is renewal.

One solution is to go into the darkness and explore it. Stick in the mire for a while. Take a sabbatical and become a midlife delinquent or pit oneself against nature on a backwoods canoe trip. It is one way to know our own depths and possibly to be reinvigorated by that knowledge toward making the most of our lives.

Others appear to wing it past this midstation without pause. Their solution is to continue denying the down side. They play more tennis and run more laps, give bigger parties, seek better hair transplants and higher face lifts, find younger partners to take to bed. That is not to suggest that jogging isn't worthwhile or that younger partners can't help to revitalise a stagnant sex life, but people who rely on only these outlets may be losing in the bargain even more than a critical chance for personal development. To disallow the momentous changes underneath forces a skimming of all experience. The eventual price is superficiality.

RIDING OUT THE DOWN SIDE

Still others block this passage in a razzle-dazzle of compulsive activity. Whiz-kid businessmen or hyperactive hostesses or politicians, for example, seem to have to time for a midlife crisis. They are too busy starting a new business that year or giving dinner parties or running for higher office. They consume themselves with externals for the very reason that they fear dipping into what might be the poverty of meaning inside.

The catch is, inner issues pushed down in one period tend to swing up in the next one with an added wallop. To face a midlife crisis for the first time at fifty is horrifying (although people can get through it). Or development may simply be halted for the person who continues to wear blinders. He becomes more narrow in view, self-indulgent, and finally juiceless and bitter.

"If a man goes through a relatively bland period when midlife transition is going on," Levinson asserts, "it will limit his growth. Many men who don't have a crisis at 40 become weighted and lose the vitality they need to continue developing in the rest of the adult stages."

The only way, finally, to make fear of the down side go away is to allow it entry. The sooner we allow the truths of this period to fill our container, the sooner they can be integrated with our youthful optimism and reground us with true strength.

The most important words in midlife are — Let Go. Let it happen to you. Let it happen to your partner. Let the feelings. Let the changes.

You can't take everything with you when you leave on the midlife journey. You are moving away. Away from institutional claims and other people's agenda. Away from external valuations and accreditations, in search of an inner validation. You are moving out of roles and into the self. If I could give everyone a gift for the send-off on this journey, it would be a tent. A tent for tentativeness. The gift of portable roots.

To reach the clearing beyond, we must stay with the weightless journey through uncertainty. Whatever counterfeit safety we hold from overinvestments in people and institutions must be given up. The inner custodian must be unseated from the controls. No foreign power can direct our journey from now on. It is for each of us to find a course that is valid by our own reckoning. And for each of us there is the opportunity to emerge reborn, **authentically** unique, with an enlarged capacity to love ourselves and embrace others.

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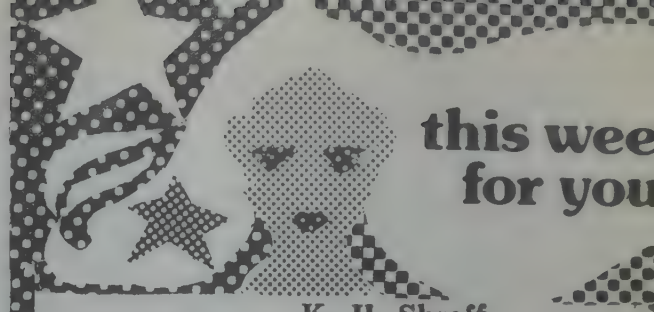


this wee
for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week Dec. 24 — Dec. 30.

ARIES (March 21 — April 19) The stars specially favour students, travellers, artists, sportsmen. Platonic side of love may be experienced. Gambling pays. Favourable days :- 28—29.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Unforeseen events possible. From 28th Venus starts favouring and step by step you will defeat opponents. Favourable days :- 25—26.

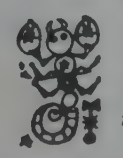
GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) Do not be influenced by other people's opinions. Put off proposals of partnership. Use own judgement in deciding personal problems. Review past events. Favourable days :- 25—28.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Optimism increases with earning capacity and new influential friends. Unwed Cancerians might be attached to unknown member of the opposite sex. Favourable days :- 25—26.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) Problems solved successfully. You overcome challenging situations arising from wide differences of opinion. Favourable days :- 24—25.

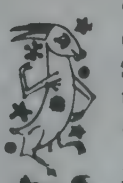
VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Prudent to evade issues requiring decisions, especially in domestic area. Parties and contact with dignitaries advantageous. Favourable days: 25—27.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Librans shine and radiate optimism. Opportunities to carry out plans in enterprise of your choice. Generous associates give encouragement. Favourable days:- All days.

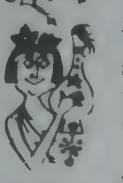


SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) You seed patience and fortitude. Remain tight-lipped in family affairs. Self-interest demands clarity and introspection. Favourable days :- 25—26.

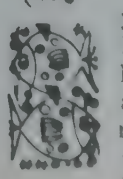
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec 21) Destiny favours. You are free to travel, study, speculate. Circumstances favour realization of ambitions. Zest in love life for young and old folks. Favourable days :- All days.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Secrecy in solving personal matters, except for trusted confidantes. Favourable day:- 29—30.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) You find yourself among artists and intellectuals. Your unconventional thinking impresses everybody. You free yourself from persons who impose upon you. Favourable days :- 24—25.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Pisceans strike money from new avenues of business. Uneasiness due to unwarranted delays in solution of personal matters Favourable days :- 25 — 27

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REENA ROY: the orthodox girl with the 'mod' image

Vijaya Irani

She gives the impression of being a naive, open-faced innocent who somehow finds herself in the most adult situations, like dating a select few of her co-stars at odd hours of the morning, or having a male colleague drop in on her at her make up room during lunch, while she sprawls on her back, pillowless . . .as though performing a beauty exercise, on the rexined sofa. So what can she do if males enjoy her company? There's quite a lot of charm in those large, dark, naughty eyes and the accompanying smiling mouth.

I mean, guys like this kind of a girl, not someone with a superior air whom they need to fear, but a nice (even dumb, at times), **bindas**, good looker who can giggle a lot and is always game for fun—so far as it is strictly fun! And a star who is constantly written about, who gets signed up for films frequently (that's how popular she is, careerwise) and photographed in the trendiest of clothes, with make up to match. . .

One knows that Reena made a controversial entry into films with "Zaroorat", and zoomed upwards to "Zakhmee" with the motorcycle-girl role which made her a hit. But she attributes her success to mere luck.

And she has a superstitious fear of this luck being transient, fleeting. This superstition makes the real Reena Roy so far removed from the **dishum-dishum** heroine one feels she is. For instance, she is afraid to count the film offers she has on hand—which run into dozens—lest they start dwindling and her popularity decreases. To mark her success and also to utilise her large profits she had a palatial bungalow built, but most of her family continue to live in the tiny old flat she had bought when they first came to Bombay. The reason? Reena was not quite sure if the new bungalow would prove to be lucky or otherwise. Though she is not too happy, which means the house has not proved very lucky, she stays there sometimes with half her family, i.e. her three sisters, a watchman and ayahs and an Alsatian. Most of the time, the sprawling mansion, decorated lavishly, is empty, like it is meant to be, a part of the status symbol she is supposed to maintain.

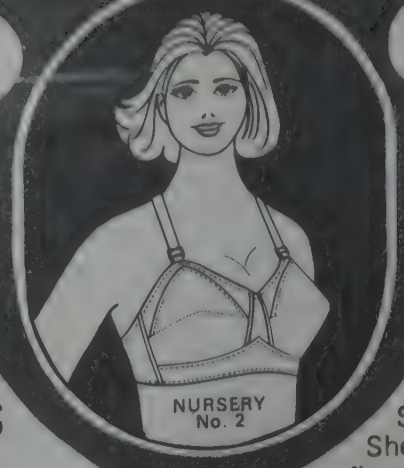
Reena confesses she is orthodox in her views. She believes that man is superior to woman, and that once married, she herself will have nothing to do with working or the filmi scene. The mod image she is mostly forced to affect, for cosmetic effect, is not genuine. While she is young, a part of the entertainment world, where she has to relate to the masses, she feels there's no harm in reflecting the mood and wardrobe of her age. Personally, she loves to wander about the house in a tight plait, wearing a loose salwar-kameez, like the women of Punjab (the area to which she belongs).

Reena's latest, most interesting role is in J. Om Prakash's film, "Apnapan", which is to be released in January. And one feels if Amitabh Bachchan could make a success of an anti-hero's image with his role in "Zanjeer", then this girl is going to break new ground with her performance in "Apnapan".

In the first half of the film, she plays the role of an indifferent married woman who loves to spend her afternoons with her kitty-party friends, socialising. She couldn't be bothered about her home or husband. In fact she tells him (Jeetendra) quite candidly that she never wanted a child—it was he who wanted one. Thus far, the first half of the film is in keeping with her young socialite image. But the second half shows her tormented suffering as realisation dawns on her and one wonders which is the real Reena Roy. She carries the entire film through by sheer acting ability.

A talent you never even knew existed! This film will prove that when Reena works under a good director she can really make a mark for herself. All she needs now is proper direction to achieve that mark.

Photograph: Girish Shukla



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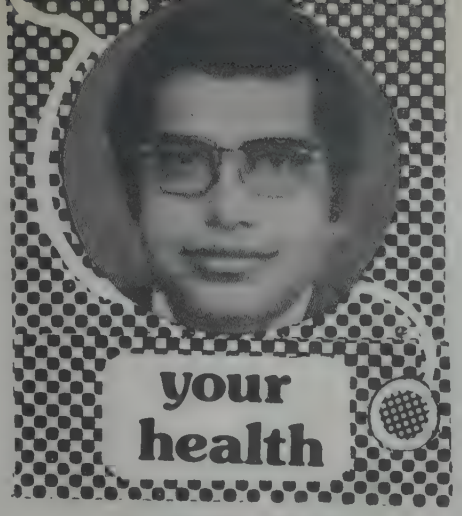

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REFRACTORY ERRORS OF THE EYES

Eyesight is among nature's most precious gifts and one that can be easily harmed through ignorance and negligence. Here is a detailed guide to common eye defects and the lenses used to correct them.

The greatest gift of nature to mankind is a pair of eyes. With these magic organs we not only enjoy the vast panoramic beauty of nature but we carry out our daily routine work with efficiency. Today the pace of life is becoming faster and faster and we need our eyes even more. People are usually born with good eyesight but some do have defective vision from birth. As childhood moves into adulthood and old age, quite a few of us develop defective vision and feel miserable and gloomy as our vision worsens.

It is a fact that those people who use corrective lenses see better than most people whose eyesight is seemingly normal. It is not that most normal people can't see properly, but those who use spectacles have the maximum and balanced use of their eyes. These people therefore see things clearer and better.

In most cases, bad eyesight is a result of our own faults and ignorance. Even if people are given corrective glasses, they do not know how to use them, when to use them, how to take care of them, etc. Here we shall give you some practical details about these facts and also give you some information about glare and sunglasses.

Today a child is born into a demanding technological age. His future success and happiness depends on his capacity to learn and to absorb information which largely reaches his brain through the agency of his eyes. With defective eyesight your child will start life with a handicap.

NORMAL EYE: Like a photo camera, the eye also has a system comprising a lense and a screen. The eye is about the size of a table-tennis ball and is safely located in a bony cage close to the brain. The portion that is seen outside is a small portion of the whole eye. The eye consists of three layers: the outer layer is white—the sclera, and the innermost layer is the sensitive retina on which the image forms. After the light rays travel through the transparent membrane—the cornea, in front of the eye, they are focussed on the retina by the adjustable lense situated in the eye. This image is then transmitted to the brain through the optic nerve.

THE CAUSES OF DEFECTIVE VISION: The eyes grow in a very systematic and balanced way and any kind of disturbance in this process may lead to errors. Then the light rays cannot be focussed properly on the retina and one can therefore not see properly. In some cases the rays are focussed in front of the retina and in some they are focussed behind this sensitive screen. The lense of the eye has great accommodation power and it tries very hard to correct this defect. It is when it is called upon to exceed its limit that one has to resort to an extra lense outside the eye in the form of glasses.

Some children are born with defective vision, in which case it is congenital. In the adult population, four out of every 10 adults need corrective glasses. This is alarming but true, and in most cases the eye is either overstrained or misused or diseased. If you go continuously without sleep for days or work strenuously for hours under dim light or read in all kinds of awkward positions, straining your eyes, then you have only yourself to blame for a defective vision.

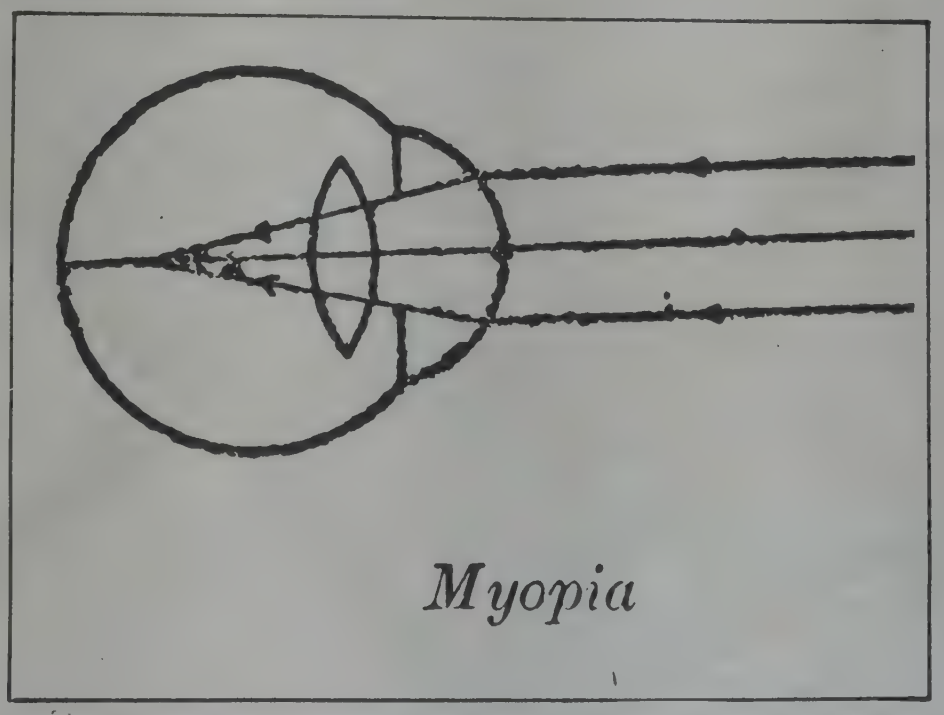
It is a common observation that if both parents use spectacles then their child will also need glasses sometime in life. There are exceptions, but in such situations it is advisable to check the eyes of the child.

TYPES OF REFRACTORY ERRORS: Some people complain that they can see near things clearly but that distant things are not seen properly. We call this condition **short-sightedness** or **myopia.** Those who can see distant things better than close ones are called **hypermetropics.** In some, the picture is formed crooked on the retina. These people have **astigmatism.** Some people after middle age, have to strain to read things. They often have to keep the newspaper at a distance when reading. This is called **presbyopia.**

MYOPIA OR SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS: In these people, there is considerable difference between distant and near vision. These people have blurred vision of distant objects and clear vision of nearby ones. This is because the picture is focussed too early in the eye and the rays come to a focus before the retina —i.e. the picture falls short of the screen.

Myopia often occurs in a child's early school years. The first sign of its presence maybe a "falling off" in his school grades. He has to strain to see the teacher writing on the blackboard and often tries to sit on the front bench.

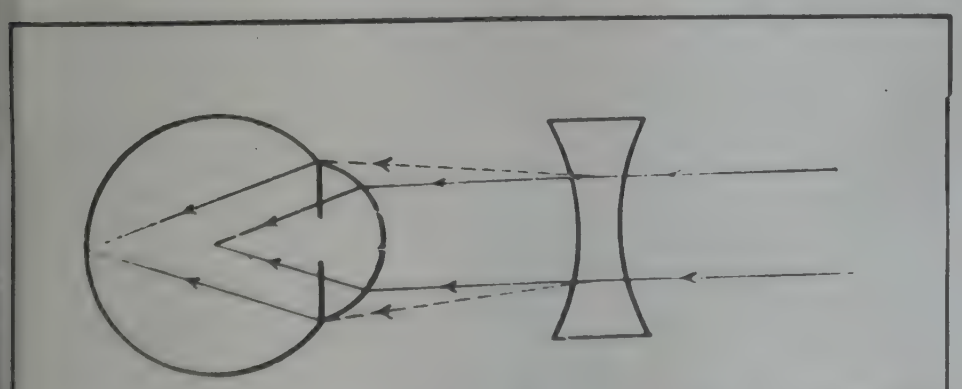
In adults, the common early complaints are the inability to see traffic signs at night or, the inability to recognise route numbers on buses. Such people can



Myopia

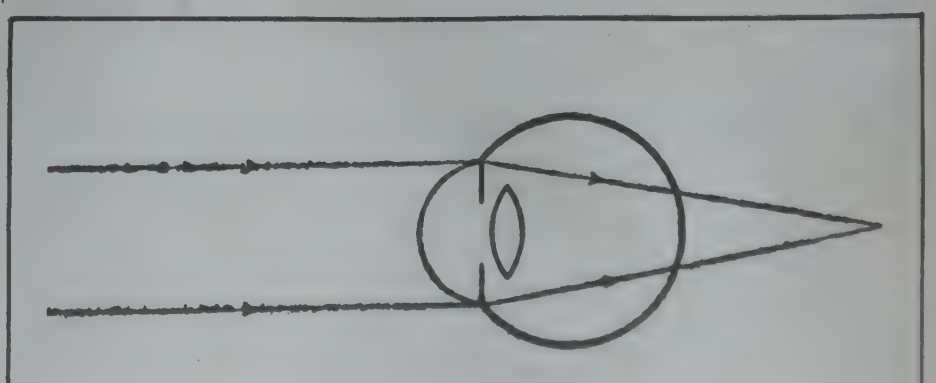
Myopia — short sightedness. The image is falling before the retina.

Correction with a concave lens brings the focus on the retina.



Parallel rays in myopia brought to a focus on retina by introducing a concave lens

Hypermetropia — long sightedness. Here the image is formed behind the retina.



Hypermetropia

man power from ZODIAC

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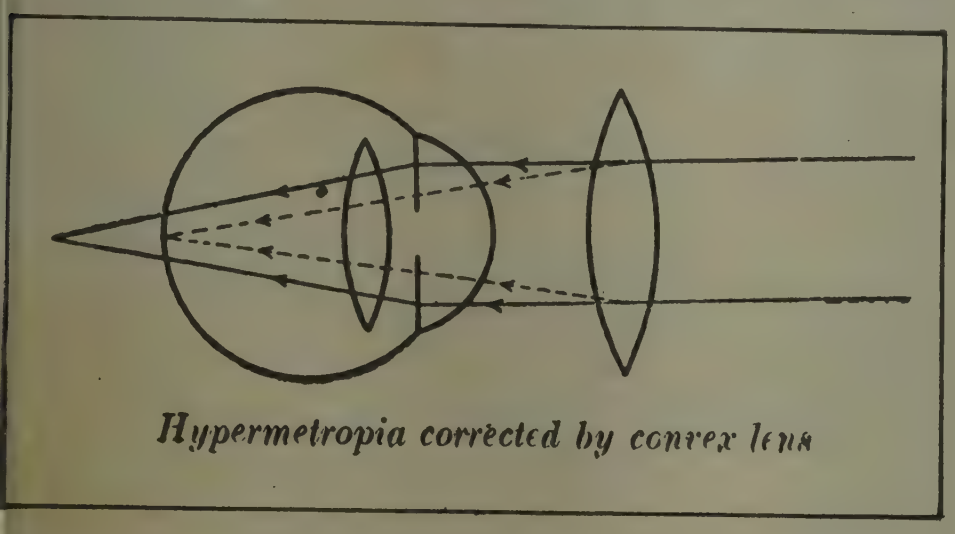
- Socks • Belts
- Scarves • Shirts

REFRACTORY ERRORS OF THE EYES

see all right when corrective lenses are given to them.

HYPERMETROPIA OR LONG-SIGHTEDNESS: In this condition the person can see distant things clearly but has to make a conscious effort to focus on near things. The strain often causes tired eyes and headaches. These people can see better in the morning and as the day passes they start feeling the strain. Their near vision gets more blurred on prolonged reading.



Hypermetropia corrected by convex lens

Correction with a convex lens forms a sharp picture on retina.

The light rays that enter these eyes come to a point of sharp focus behind the retina and hence the difficulty in seeing near things. Here again corrective lenses help in bringing the rays to focus on the retina.

ASTIGMATISM: This is a distortion of focus that can affect both distant and close vision, at times producing haziness at some angle of vision. The symptoms are, generally, unclear vision, headache, watering eyes, fatigue, sleepiness, heaviness after seeing movies, etc. Here again, corrective lenses can help.

PRESBYOPIA: Children o[illegible] focus on things as close as the tip of the nose because their eye lense is very flexible. As age advances, the flexibility of the lense decreases and it cannot focus as well. Even in normal eyesight, a time comes when our arms seem to get too short to hold a book to read. It becomes increasingly difficult to read books in a normal comfortable position.

This usually happens around the age of 40. How soon it sets in also depends upon the glasses we use and the type of work we do. Those who have to do prolonged, close-concentration work, tend to have presbyopia earlier. This is inevitable and every one has to face it eventually. There is nothing that can be done to prevent it.

The quickest, safest and most efficient way to counter presbyopia is to use reading lenses.

HOW TO CORRECT DEFECTIVE VISION: These faults in vision can be corrected with visual aids like spectacle lenses, contact lenses and prisms. These lenses alter the path of light to such an extent and degree that they are made to come to focus sharply on the retina. Wearing spectacles does not mean that one's eye is diseased—it is just a physical defect. In the main, the lenses used are spherical, cylindrical and/or a combination of the two.

In myopia, concave lenses are given. These diverge the rays and do not permit them to focus before the retina. This correction makes the image fall on the retina. These are called minus lenses.

Convex lenses converge the rays and they bring forward the focal point. The image that was forming behind the retina in hypermetropia thus focuses on the retina. These lenses are known as plus lenses.

In astigmatism cylindrical lenses are used. They are known as compound lenses or astigmatic lenses.

Wearing spectacles is not a terrible thing. Initially you may not like it but after some time it becomes a part of your personality and you would not like to be without them.

BIFOCALS: Some persons need glasses for far away vision and then, when presbyopia sets in, they need glasses for near vision also. This is the "two pair stage," when an additional pair is needed for reading, **Bifocal** lenses are used.

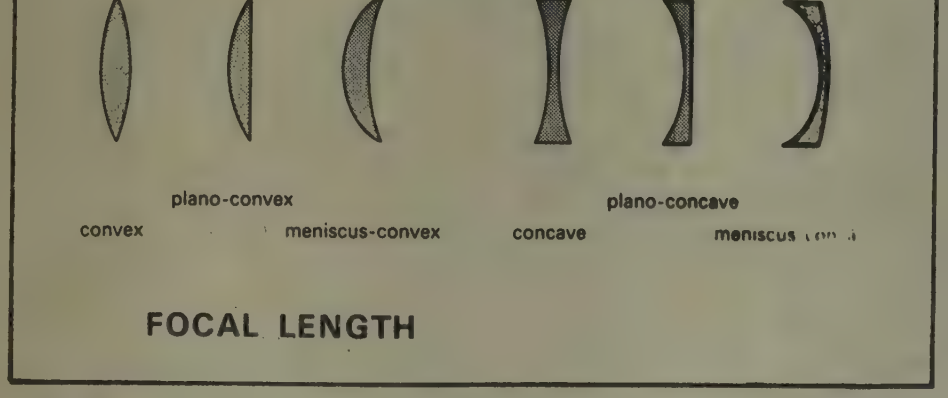
The lower part of the lens is the reading glass in a bifocal lens. Through the upper part you can see far away things and when you want to see near things you just have to lower your eye and look through this reading segment. This makes it unnecessary to keep two pairs of glasses and to constantly change them.

There are now many types of bifocal lenses which you can select with the help of your optician to suit your needs.

TRIFOCALS: After fifty you may find your bifocals inadequate. You may find it difficult to see things properly at arm's length. You may read the paper by keeping it near you, but you will find it difficult to read it when it is lying on the table. Now your problem has become a bit more complex. There are so many things that need to be seen and done at arm's length. Trifocals help you to overcome the difficulty of middle distance vision.

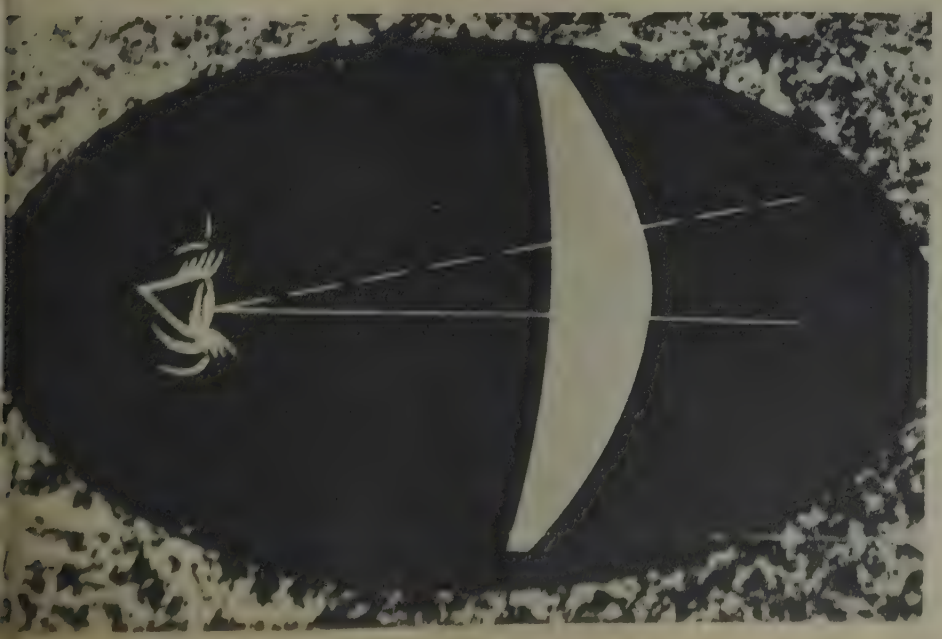
Trifocals are used by a variety of people like librarians, carpenters, scientists, botanists, agriculturists, engineers, executives, jewelers, etc.

Even multifocal lenses are now made, which have no segments but which give the wearer a progression of power all the way from the close-up to the far-off distance.

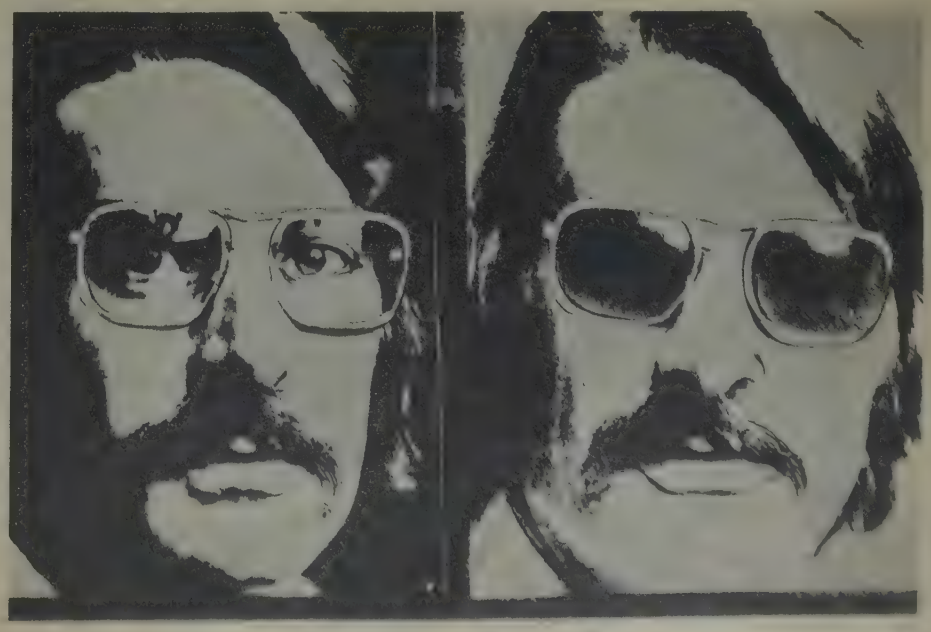


Various types of corrective lenses.

Principle of bifocal lenses. From the upper part you can see the distant things and from the lower segment you can see nearer things.



Photocromatic lenses. Note how they darken when direct light falls on them and they become normal when we are indoors.



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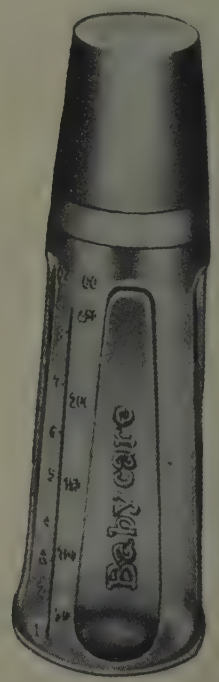

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REFRACTORY ERRORS OF THE EYES

GLARE: When too much light or too bright a light falls on the eyes we complain of glare. The degree of discomfort felt varies from person to person. Our pupils open and close in response to the intensity of light.

City-dwellers live under a smoke curtain and they need protection of their eyes when they go to the clean air of rural areas.

Discomfort is also caused by ultra-violet and infra-red rays. At high altitudes, on mountains, and while flying, these rays can harm the eyes. Infra red rays are heat rays and these are most troublesome in hot, sunny climates. In factories, where there is welding, forging, casting and proximity to open furnaces, the eyes need extra protection from glare.

Glare is also a problem in infections of the eye. It is now called **photophobia.** This is also a big problem where pigment is deficient, like in albinos and after cataract operations.

REMEDY FOR GLARE: There are various types of anti-glare glasses now available, commonly called sunglasses or goggles.

1. Tinted glasses.
2. Unidensity anti-reflect glasses.
3. Polaroid lenses.
4. Photochromatic lenses.
5. Plastic lenses.

Tinted glasses: Many types of coloured lenses are available with your optician. These have both absorption and filter powers. They do not permit intense light to enter your eye. They can filter both infra-red and ultra-violet rays.

The tinted lenses have one disadvantage. When numbers are given in them their density changes according to thickness. It is darker where the glass is thick and lighter where it is thin.

This is rectified in unidensity lenses. These are coated uniformly with a metallic compound which acts as a reflecting surface and rebounds bright light before it can enter the eye.

In some glare glasses, where the entire lens is treated with the metallic compound, the top half has a varying amount of tint while the lower half appears white.

These are useful to people who have a lot of outdoor activity.

POLAROIDS: They can filter the light rays to a great extent. The rays that are reflected from water and snow are called horizontal rays and these glasses have a great capacity to filter these rays.

PHOTOCHROMATIC LENSES: These are the latest in antiglare wear. They absorb harmful rays and turn dark when direct sunlight falls on them. They again turn normal when you are indoors. By using these lenses one can avoid keeping two pairs, one for vision and one for glare.

PLASTIC LENSES: These absorb less light and are unsuitable for our dusty and windy climate. They are lighter but they can get scratched easily.

Sunglasses are not only for fashion wear. They are very protective for the eyes. These glasses should be prescribed only after all the refractory errors are corrected and they should be bought from qualified opticians. The habit of buying them from hawkers and general stores is bad. It can be dangerous to get your children these ordinary glasses — you may do a lot of harm to their eyes. These glasses should be professionally prescribed on the basis of requirement.

These glasses protect the eyes from ultra-violet and infra-red rays, from industrial glare, in post-operative conditions and photophobia, from high altitude and snow glare, etc.

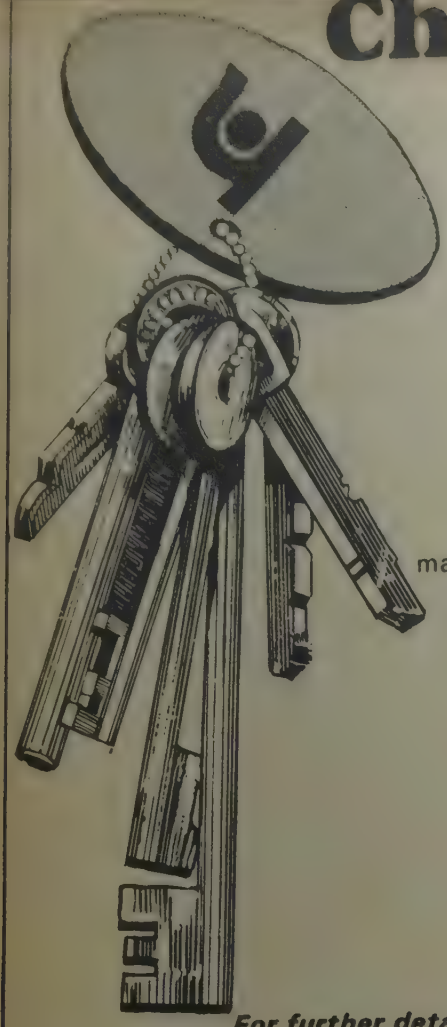
HOW TO SELECT A FRAME: Please take the advice of your optician. Do not go according to fashion only. Your optician will take your measurements and give you a frame that fits your facial contours and also gives you correct vision. Frames made of cheap plastic moulded material may give rise to bad skin allergies. Always keep one extra frame at home and replace a broken frame. Loose, tilted or ill-fitting frames should be avoided.

CARE OF SPECTACLES: Glasses should be used very carefully and you should wear them and remove them with both hands. Keep them clean and free of dots and grease. Do not use soap for cleaning glasses, it may leave spots. It may also damage the optical quality of the lens. Do not put the spectacles down with the lenses touching the surface, this may cause scratches. Stuffing glasses in the pocket with keys and many other things may produce scratches on the glasses. You should avoid rough use and wearing spectacles while sleeping. Also avoid using broken or defective frames.

There are several types of tinted lenses available for power glasses. There is nothing that can be particularly suggested. You can select the tint you like and take the opinion of your optician in this respect.

Corrective lenses are very useful and restore eyesight and give you bright and clear vision. Making spectacles is a highly specialised and skilled job and requires a high standard of accuracy. Therefore, always select the right optician and right glasses for yourself and take full care of your glasses to have a decent vision.

Choose the key to your future



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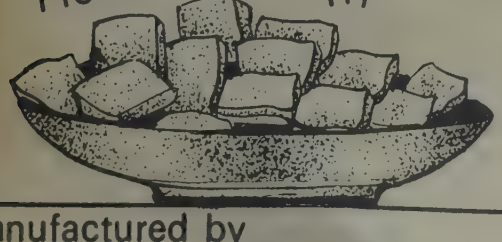

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PROLONGED PREGNANCY

A 16-month-long pregnancy which became a unique case in medical history

March 30, 1977 was a remarkable day for the Lady Elgin Hospital of Jabalpur. The O.P.D. was crowded as usual and doctors and nurses hurried about their duties. The sister at the registering table of the O.P.D. was filling out forms and directing the patients to the departments concerned.

She did not have time even to look up at the patients as they filed past telling their names and complaints.

"Name?"

"Munni Bai."

"Age?"

"About 25 years."

"Husband's name?"

Sudden silence and, as the sister looked up at the embarrassed face, her brother, who had brought the patient to the hospital, answered.

"Mangilal."

"Complaint?"

"Pregnancy."

"How many months?"

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen?" the sister exclaimed and looked up again at the woman, angrily now.

"Don't try to be funny, I've no time, as you can see, for joking. Come on, how many months?"

"I am not joking, Sister. That's why I've come. I have been pregnant for 16 months now."

The sister took up the intercom and told the gynaecologist about the woman, ending with, "But I can't believe it. I am sure she's made a stupid mistake!"

The doctor asked for the patient to be sent in.

Munni Bai was led to the doctor's cabin and when she told her story, the doctor was convinced that this was indeed a strange event in medical history. The patient was examined by a team of doctors including the Medical Superintendent, Dr. (Mrs.) L. Mishra.

The examination revealed that what the woman said was true, although hard to believe. The doctors were convinced that she had indeed conceived 16 months earlier and had felt no pain, nor even discomfort, and that an urgent operation was necessary to save her life.

She had already suffered a great deal. When her ninth month passed without delivery she had become both depressed and frightened, and when the usual rural remedy of removing evil spirits also proved fruitless, her husband had left her as a woman possessed by an invincible evil spirit. In a village, life can be insupportable for the victim of such an unheard of predicament.

A team of doctors operated on the woman on April 1, 1977 and what was revealed was something unique in the annals of obstetrics. It was not a case of ectopic pregnancy. There was actually a second uterus, apart from the normal one, inside the woman, connected to the normal one by a tube, but the tube was totally choked. The fallopian tubes were well connected with the normal uterus but the foetus was sealed in the duplicate uterus. The supply line, it appears, closed automatically for some unknown reason. The foetus weighed 12 lbs. instead of the normal 9 or less. It was found dead. It was taken out and the choked tube was opened by the doctors.

How did the woman survive despite the fact that the foetus was rendered lifeless, which should have caused serious effects on the mother's health? The doctors explained that as the connecting tube of the abnormal uterus was completely closed the woman could survive despite the dead foetus as there was no chance of the poisonous effects spreading to her blood stream.

The doctors think that this is the only instance of such a duplicate uterus and abnormal conception. They were also of the opinion that the woman can bear children in the future either in her normal uterus or in the spare one.

R. K. Verma

PINK SATIN SLIPPERS AND A CHRISTMAS TREE

Continued from page 17

Geeta looked. For a long moment, she stood, her eyes wide open, rivetted on the face of the man in the doorway. Suddenly she swayed, and would have fallen, if the man had not covered the distance between them, in two long strides, and caught her in his arms.

"It's me, Geeta! Really me. Dilip . . ." Geeta neither heard nor saw. Her eyes were closed in a momentary swoon. "Listen to me Geeta . . . It was all a mistake — that list, I didn't get killed. I was only badly wounded — badly enough to have to stay in the military hospital in Shillong for many long months. Geeta — are you listening?" She nodded, still not able to speak; still not quite sure that this wasn't some fantastic dream.

"I thought you would have known. I thought the mistake had been set right. I wondered why you didn't write. Then, when I was able to sit up, I wrote to you, not one, but many letters, but they all came back to me.

"Then, as soon as I was discharged, I went to Calcutta, to your old lodging on Park Street. But your landlady could tell me nothing, except that, after I 'died', you wanted to leave Calcutta for good, and applied for jobs to several places. This was one of them — Khurda Road. She remembered the name because she had taught in a school here once. Well Geeta, God guided me here, and I've found you."

Geeta was sobbing silently while Dilip held her close. At last, he put his lips to her ear. "Geeta," he murmured, "you're not even curious to know just how I found you!"

She smiled, almost recovered now. "I am, Dilip," she said, "Only, I'm so happy that I'm afraid to speak! Afraid it might all turn out to be nothing but a dream!"

Dilip laughed. "Has your finding me something to do with old George?" Geeta asked.

"Old George?"

"Yes, George, the man from whom you bought the Christmas tree."

"It has." Dilip said. "It also has a great deal to do with this!" He held up his left hand. Geeta saw the glitter of his navaratna. "And with this," he added, he took something out of his pocket and held it out to her. Geeta gasped. It was her navaratna.

"You see," Dilip went on, "about an hour ago, as I was passing a shop in a little street, a fat old man — George you say he is — was sitting outside, watching the Christmas crowds go by. He suddenly saw me. By some chance his eyes were drawn to my hand. He caught sight of my ring, and at once recognised it as the twin of yours. His curiosity was aroused. He persuaded me to enter his shop, and — well — you know the rest."

"Oh Dilip!" Geeta said, "if only you knew how it broke my heart to part with it!"

"Hush, my love! The old man told me all. Thank God you did part with it, or I should never have found you!" He slipped her navaratna ring back on her finger: then going over to the heap of gifts stacked under the Christmas tree, he selected one—a daintily wrapped package. "My Christmas gift to you, Geeta!" he said.

"What is it Dilip?" she took it, wondering.

"Supposing you open it and find out!"

With eager fingers she undid the wrapping. "Pink satin slippers! Why Dilip, they're gorgeous! And . . . and you remembered! !"

He drew her to him. "I did promise them to you, didn't I? 'Pink satin slippers for thy dainty little feet,' I said, and . . . and what else did I say?" his voice was light, but his eyes were earnest. She was silent. "Say it, Geeta!" he begged.

"And a plain golden band for this dainty little finger," she repeated.

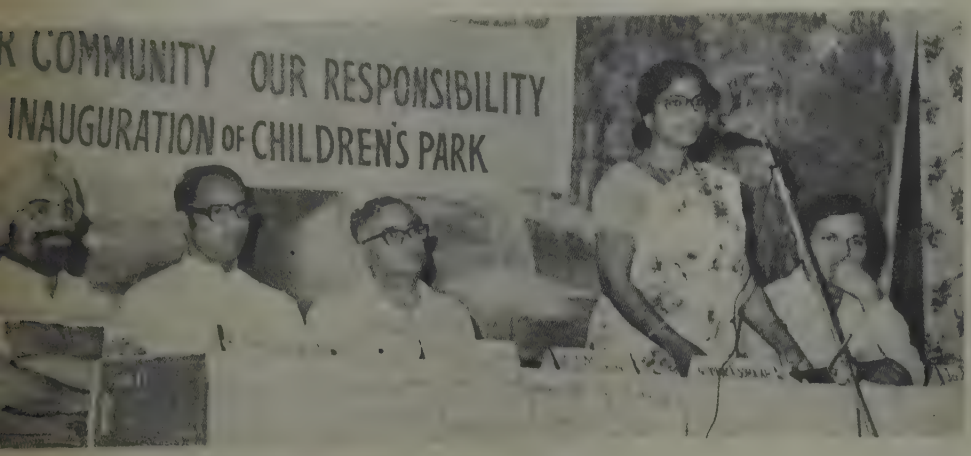
"Here it is, Geeta," he said. He opened a little blue velvet box and held it before her. "Only say when!"

Geeta looked from the wedding ring to the pink satin slippers. And from the pink satin slippers to the Christmas tree. Beside the tree, leaning on his crutches and watching them, his face wreathed in smiles, stood the happiest boy in all the world.

"Pink satin slippers. . . and a Christmas tree," Geeta murmured.

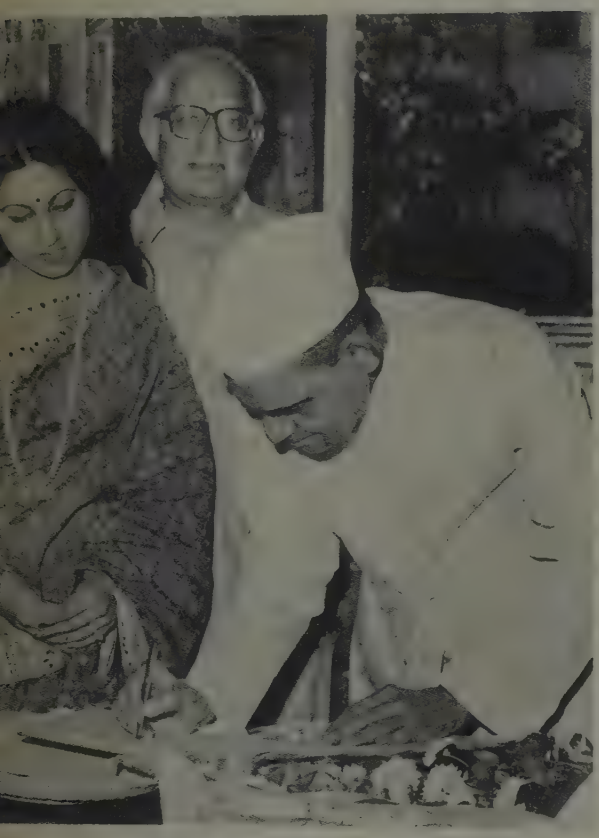
"What did you say?" Dilip asked. For answer she put her arms around his neck and lifted her lips to his.

people and events



Celebrating the French Night at the Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay, are from left, Mr. Gory, French Consul General, Mrs. Toni Siddiqi, Mayor of Bombay Mr. Murli Deora, Mrs. Gory, Mr. A. Siddiqi, G. M. Oberoi Sheraton and Mrs. Deora.

LEFT : Mrs Vimala Somaiah, president, Andheri Jaycees, speaks at the opening of the children's park at Andheri, Bombay. Seated from left are Mr. Tarasingh Nagpal, Fr. Rector D'Cunha, Mr. J. Mathan, mg. dir., LIC and Mr. R. C. Bhandari.



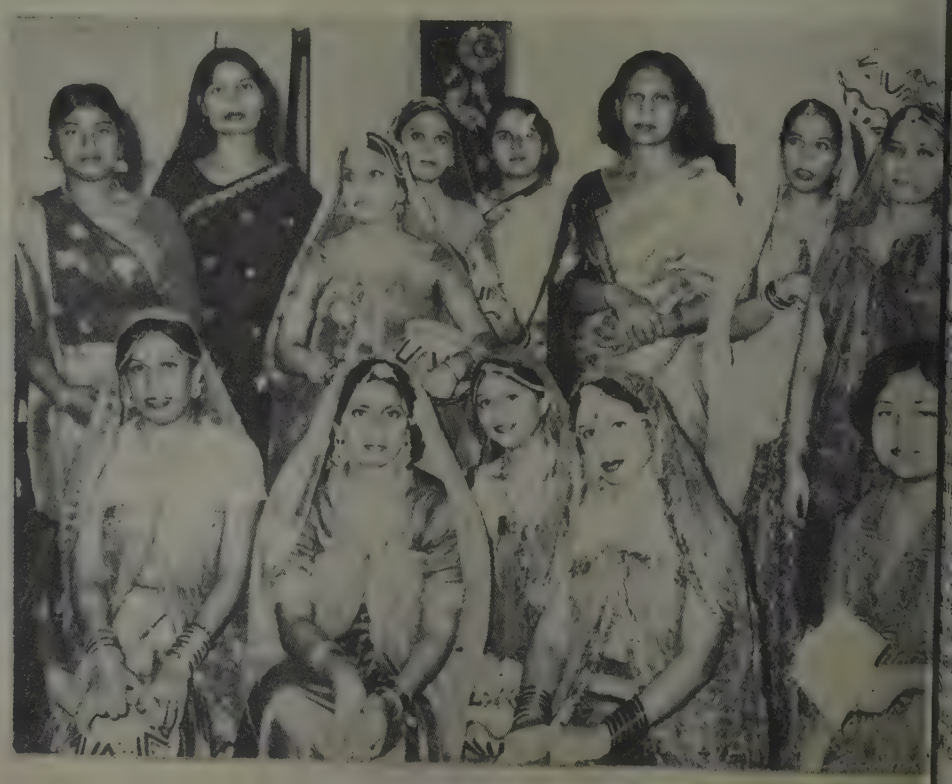
Mr. Chimanbhai C. Shah (ext. right) inaugurates Uma Mehta's (ext. left) exhibition of paintings in Bombay. In the centre is Mr. D. N. Mehta.

Members of the world-famous New York Harp Ensemble who will play in Bombay next month. Standing is famous harpist and music director Dr. Aristid Von Wurtzler.

A scene from "Ali Baba", a play enacted by students of the West Bengal Spastic Society's Centre for Special Education, Calcutta.

BELOW : Participants of the Rajasthani folk dance presented by the Halwara Branch of the Air Force Wives' Welfare Association on the 45th Air Force anniversary. Mrs. P. Singh, president, AFWWA (local), is standing 3rd from right.

Seen at the inauguration of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Jethalal Amratlal Auditorium in Ahmedabad, are, from left, Mrs Mrinalini Sarabhai, Mr. Jaisukhlal Hathi, governor of Punjab, who inaugurated the auditorium and Mrs. Ashaben Rohitbhai, wife of the chairman.



bombay

An appeal for help has come from Pondicherry. "A great calamity in the form of a cyclone has come and we are striving to cope with the situation. Our fishermen have lost their livelihood, their boats and nets. Many people in this area have lost their huts and dwelling places. There is water in low-lying areas and we need great help.

"We have already distributed rice, old clothes, bread, tapioca, cooked food to the needy people in many areas in Pondicherry.

"Contributions may please be sent to the following address: Mrs. Shantabai B. Kulkarni, President, "Good Will Association", Raj Nivas, Pondicherry."

* * *

Time & Talents Club Concerts Committee presents for the first time in India the world-renowned New York Harp Ensemble with Aristid Von Wurtzler, soloist and director.

Only two performances will be held at the Patkar Hall on Monday, January 2, 1978 at 6.45 p.m. and Tuesday, January 3, 1978 at 6.45 p.m., in aid of medical, educational and social relief.

Tickets: Rs. 15, 10, and 5 at the Victory Stall from December 26.

Aristid Von Wurtzler, a Hungarian now settled in America is recognised as one of the greatest living exponents of the harp and hails from a family of musicians. He received his Diploma in Harp at the N. Y. University. He was also awarded a Doctorate in Music by London College.

Barbara Pniewska, also a fine harpist, is Aristid Von Wurtzler's wife.

Since the start of his international career, Aristid Von Wurtzler has given hundreds of performances in concerts on radio, television and as a soloist with symphony orchestra. His tours have brought him to North America, South America, Europe, Canada, and West Asia.

His programmes embrace classical and romantic compositions as well as contemporary ones.

* * *

For Christmas and New Year, the Oberoi Sheraton in Bombay has a fun-filled programme with each of its seven restaurants taking on special gourmet and festive overtones to celebrate the season. There will also be two novel events at the Hotel. A Christmas Bazaar will be held in the Hotel lobby, from December 22-25, in which charitable organisations, women's homes, orphanages and social welfare societies, along with trendy boutiques, will display the items. These will include toys, handicrafts, embroidered table linen, children's clothes and other knick-knacks, rare because not commercially produced. St. Catherine's home, the Spastics Society and the American Women's Association are among those participating. The charitable organisations are not being charged for the stalls and will be the sole beneficiaries of their sales. Stall charges collected from boutiques and business establishments will be donated by the Hotel to the Chief Minister's Relief Fund.

The second event is the Orphanage Children's Christmas party which will be held in the Senate room of the hotel. 100 children from a local orphanage have been invited. The Hotel's executives and staff have contributed money so that Santa Claus carries a toy for each child. The children will be given a new set of clothes each, from cloth donated by local mills.

* * *

Mr. Mathan, Managing Director of L.I.C., while inaugurating the children's park donated by Andheri Jaycees, observed that such projects should be encouraged as recreational facilities for students in this busy city.

Welcoming the large gathering, Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, President of Andheri Jaycees, said that today's children are the future citizens of the country. She said that they have adopted the Domestic Savio Orphanage, Andheri (East), and the inmates were being given protein foods, uniforms, footwear, text-books and medical help.

She mentioned that Andheri Jaycees were in touch with the UNO which has decided to observe 1979 as International Childrens' Year.

The Children's Park will benefit 1000 students including 200 orphans at Dominic Savio Boy's Home.

delhi

The first general conference of non-governmental organisations was held at the India International Centre. It was inaugurated by Mr. C. V. Narsimhan, under-Secretary General, United Nations, and presided over by Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, the President of the N.C.N. Later, the guests were treated to a music recital by Mr. C. V. Narsimhan.

calcutta

Week-long celebrations to mark Spastics Week were held in the city from November 13 to 20. A special musical evening featuring Usha and the Louis Banks Brotherhood was held at the Kala Mandir. Besides this an exhibition-cum-sale of handicrafts made by the students of the Centre for Special Education and a flag day were held. At the school concert the children kept the audience entertained with their Percussion, songs and a humorous skit by the Primary Group, on 'U.N. Summit Talks' based on Calcutta's maior problem — its garbage. This was followed by "Ali Baba". Raja Sen in the lead role and Jeeja Ghosh as Marjeena, the slave girl, stole the show. The play was directed and narrated by Junie Bose, vice-principal of the centre, who also wrote the script.

RAJIKA KIRPALANI YOUNG JOURNALIST AWARD 1978

The trustees of the "Rajika Education Trust" are pleased to announce the above awards for promotion and encouragement of young Indian writers. The terms and conditions of the awards will be as follows:

1. The Awards will be open to both male and female journalists of Indian nationality only.
2. Age limit of the contestants will be 27 years.
3. The Awards will consist of a prize of Rs. 1000/- and a bronze trophy.
4. A number of special prizes shall also be given at the discretion of the judges with a view to encouraging promising young talent.
5. ONLY NON FICTION WORK (POETRY TO BE EXCLUDED), published in Indian or foreign magazines and publications by writers of Indian nationality only will be considered for the award.
6. Minimum of 5 (five entries but not more than ten) should be submitted.
7. Period of publication of the entries will be 1st July 1977 to 15th June 1978.
8. The last date for receiving entries will be 30th June 1978.
9. Full address with proof of age and nationality along with bio-data is essential.
10. Entries to be addressed to : Rajika Education Trust, 17 Vaswani Mansion, 120 Dinshaw Vatcha Rd., Opp. K. C. College, Bombay-400 020.
11. Entries will be returned on request.
12. Decision of the judges will be final.
13. Evaluation will be done on the basis of originality, versatility, style and content.
14. The awards and special prizes will be given on August 17, 1978 (the birth date of late Rajika Kirpalani).

world of eve

SANTOSH SHAILJA

Author of two widely acclaimed books of short stories, ("Johar ke Akshar" and "Jyotirmayi"), Santosh Shailja turned poetess after her husband, Mr. Shanta Kumar, now C.M. of Himachal Pradesh, was jailed during the Emergency. Her book of poems "Pravasi Ke Geet" has just been published.

Mrs. Shailja shares with her husband a love of revolutionary literature. Deeply impressed by the strength of the **pahadi** women, she tries to work for their emancipation through her writings.

As her husband's unofficial secretary, she has assumed the responsibility of attending to the grievances and difficulties people bring to him. A great part of his daily correspondence is also dealt with by her. However, she refrains scrupulously from meddling in official affairs.

She is a fine folk singer and **pahadi** folk songs come alive in her vibrating, lilting tones.

N. KESI

Mrs. N. Kesi is perhaps the only reputed female flautist today. She took to the flute at a very young age. A disciple of the late Palamaneri Sangitha Kalanidhi Swaminatha Iyer and Mr. T. R. Mahalingam, the famous flautist Mrs. Kesi has performed all over India, in the U.K. and in East European countries.

She has performed on the Madras and Delhi stations of AIR. She has the distinction of taking part in 25 flute recitals along with Mr. T. R. Mahalingam.

Her great moment came when the Tamil Nadu State Sangeetha Nataka Academy conferred on her the title of "Kalaimamani" in 1975.

She taught a few students of the Colorado University, USA, the art of playing the flute. She has a number of gramophone records to her credit and also an L.P. record

madam im adam

Verily, honeybunch, Christmas is upon us! Sanity has taken to its heels. My family has succumbed — to the madness of the Season.

First and foremost, we're all down South. (C'mon now, one guess should tell you where). The travelling tab alone nearly kills me. But we're camped in a town where the liquor is guaranteed to "bring you back alive." So I'm not complaining, no siree!

* * *

Elisa Joan has got in with a crowd of "twisting" teenagers. Sue goes out dancing every other day. And on the in-between days, she stays home and dances. Kenneth Carl hops on a cycle every morning and lickety-splits it all over town. With a Santa Claus list pinned to his pocket. He's checking on availability. The youngest, Richard, has been having five square meals a day — each composed of incredible quantities of festive sweets. Phyllis, my old ball-and-chain, is trotting around the house in a holiday mood. And a few clothes! The only exercise she gets these days is running up bills.

* * *

We've decided to "go rustic" this Christmas. The holiday-house we've rented has a luxuriant garden. So we're stringing lights all over it and inviting a few friends. No penguin-suits and swooping dance gowns. The invitations have a pointed footnote: **"If you come well-dressed you'll be thrown out ... sober."**

We've hired a hick band to provide the music. The drummer has an interesting strain of mixed blood in his veins which, I'm told, is the ideal qualification for savage drumming. The pianist plays by ear. It's only after the **fifth** drink that he condescends to use his hands. The guitar player is reputed to have the "magic touch" — at least eight of his girl friends swear to it. There's also a crooner. **Her** speciality is the parody — she's been flung out of a dozen choirs for blasphemously displaying her talents at the wrong time.

* * *

Everybody expects to have an utterly marvellous evening. If they survive! Phyllis has ordered an extravagant menu, from exotic restaurants in mysterious side-alleys. Her method of choosing the dishes is both novel and frightening. Every item she couldn't understand, she ordered. I've got a lot of guts, baby, but right now they're a panic of anticipation. I'm playing it safe. I think I'll sneak off and settle for a brace of self-made sandwiches.

The invitees include a weird assortment of provincials. There's an arcadian bruiser who held the unofficial heavy-weight championship of the locality. Until he got married. There are several railway officials who've spent a large part of their lives jumping out of windows and running for the milk trains. There are a few excessively moral spinsters who have no idea of what they're letting themselves in for. They're the sad-eyed honeys I'm going to watch. There are a couple of on-leave pilots who, according to legend, can send a plane up into the air just by breathing alcohol fumes on it. There are also a few pairs of lovebirds, who're banking on getting themselves lost in all those trees.

* * *

Phyllis is as excited as a mother-to-be. She's always rushing out of rooms in a hurry. Long-forgotten relatives too have been profusely invited — goodwill and forgiveness having been misguidedly distributed in keeping with seasonal sentiment. There's an uncle who hasn't spoken to me in fifteen years. Except to say, now and then, that I should have been strangled at birth. And there are some of Phyllis's kinsfolk who "cut her dead" when she married me. When I get around to those beauties, I'm going to mix the drinks I serve. With everything in sight. Two swallows and they'll wake up next summer.

* * *

Until then you dear, adorable dolls — let me wish each one of you a very happy Christmas. Eat, drink and be merry—tomorrow you can diet. Wring as much fun as you can out of life and here's hoping you can do it with a glass in each hand. You know, baby, Christmas poses an extraordinary problem. Either you can "be good" or you can "have fun." The choice is yours!

G'bye now!

Adam

* * *

YOUR STAR FORECASTS FOR 1978

that of someone close to you. Eventually good. Health needs care.

JUNE At variance with colleagues in important joint decision. Debate proves helpful.

JULY First 11 days depression and dissatisfaction, followed by happy conditions.

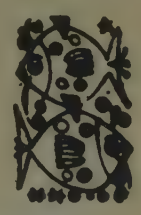
AUGUST Two powerful planets help intellectual advancement and material gains.

SEPTEMBER You have to be careful between 16th and 20th in transit, money, legal and love affairs.

OCTOBER Challenging month. Your judgement proves helpful, but absence of emotional satisfaction. Health needs care.

NOVEMBER Hurt sentiments affect creative abilities, but from 26th you regain equanimity.

DECEMBER Success in higher academic qualifications. Travel, correspondence and trade relations increase.



PISCES
(February 20—March 20)

JANUARY Some discomfort upto 14th, but your energy and versatility take you ahead.

FEBRUARY Family problems and anxiety obstruct your efficiency, but peace and prosperity prevail in 2nd fortnight.

MARCH Enjoyable month of leisure and contentment.

APRIL Income inadequate, harmony lacking. Improvement from 15th.

MAY Lucky, but from 8th t 15th discord in love affair Loss in gambling.

JUNE Maintain status-qu From 16th, favourable trend

JULY Financial gain. Avoi litigation.

AUGUST Emotions and fi ance favourable from 12th.

SEPTEMBER Inspiring fo artists and writers.

OCTOBER You realize amb tions.

NOVEMBER : Delays in rou ine schedule. Mental, emotio al discord, but keep cool.

DECEMBER The trend tur favourable. Coherence in ac ivities, and rewards start fro the 16th.

New Gold Mist the only cologne soap

New Gold Mist. Wrap yourself in its exclusive mist of cologne freshness that tingles on your skin. Cologne fragrance that stays with you... all day through.

New Gold Mist. Look for it in its elegant new shape, its luxurious gold wrapper.

New Gold Mist. It's worth its weight (100 g) in gold. Most other soaps in the same price range weigh much less.

For cologne fragrance... cologne freshness

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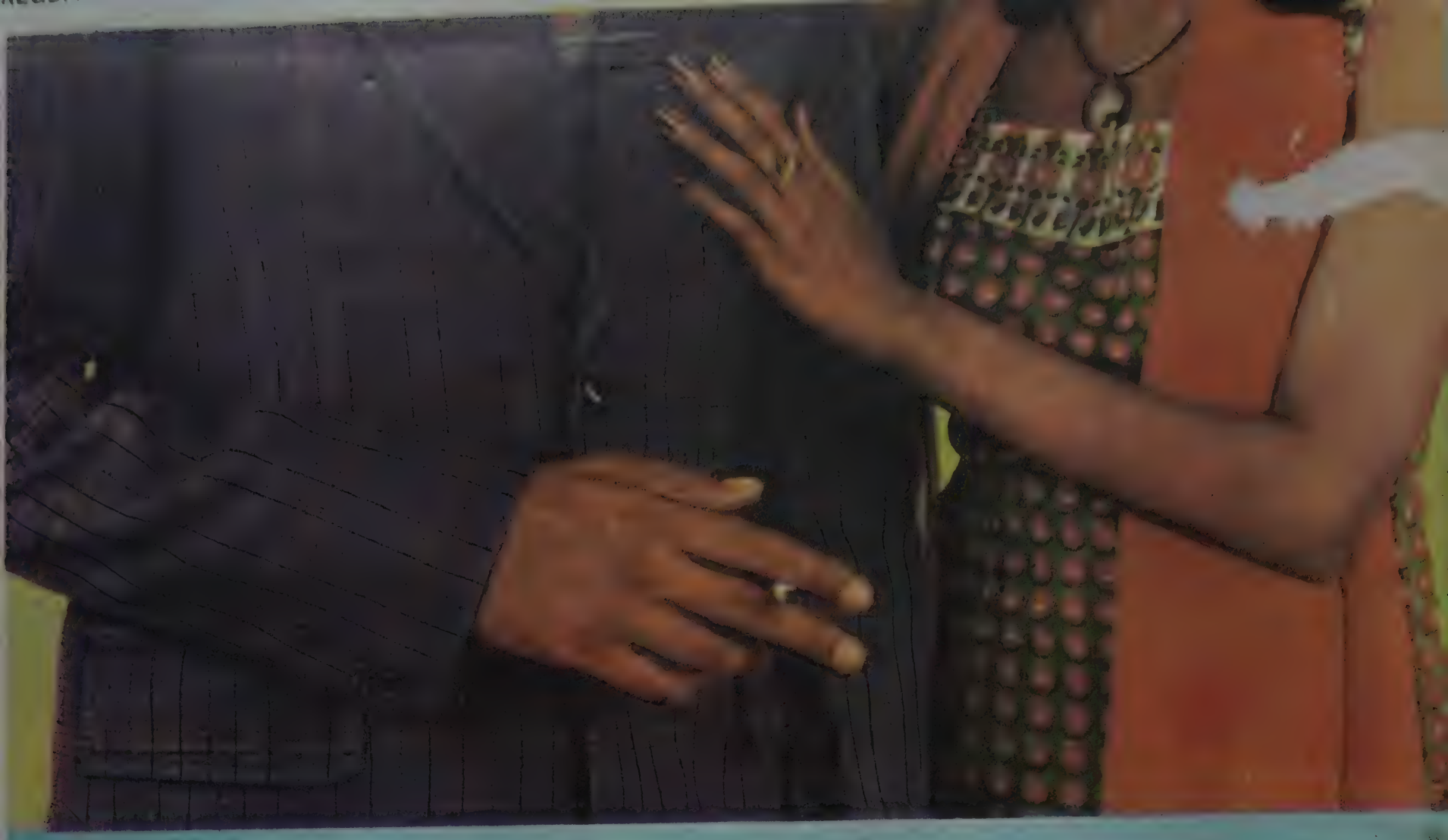

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